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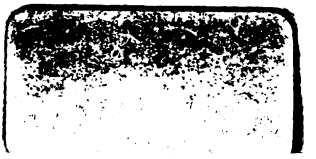

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Mrs. HILSON

AS MARGARET OVERRE

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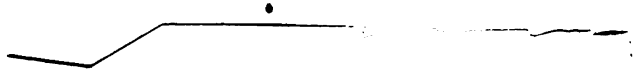

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A

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A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

WITH

A PORTRAIT OF MRS. HILSON,

IN THE

CHARACTER OF MARGARET.

THE PLAYS CAREFULLY CORRECTED FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS OF THE PHILADELPHIA THEATRE,

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By R. H.....is meant.....Right Hand.
L. H.....Left Hand.
S. E.....Second Entrance.
U. E.....Upper Entrance.
M. D.....Middle Door.
D. F.....Door in Flat.
R. H. D.....Right Hand Door.
L. H. D.....Left Hand Door.

Time of representation, two hours and forty minutes.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PHILADELPHIA, 1827.

Lord Lovell,.....*Mr. Wheatly.*
Sir Giles Overreach,.....*Mr. Booth.*
Wellborn,.....*Mr. Wemyss.*
Allworth,.....*Mr. Forrest.*
Willdo,.....*Mr. Singleton.*
Justice Greedy,.....*Mr. Jefferson.*
Marall,.....*Mr. Cowell.*
Vintner,.....*Mr. Parker.*
Taylor,.....*Mr. Jefferson Jr.*
Tapwell,.....*Mr. Hathwell.*
Order,.....*Mr. Porter.*
Furnace,.....*Mr. Bignall.*
Amble,.....*Mr. Murray.*
Watchall,.....*Mr. Jones.*

Lady Allworth,.....*Mrs. Anderson.*
Margaret,.....*Mrs. Hilson.*
Abigail,.....*Mrs. Meer.*
Tabitha,.....*Miss Hathwell.*
Froth,.....*Mrs. Francis.*

Servants, *Messrs. Klett,* &c.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

—Henry Ward

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A village.* WELLBORN *discovered, in tattered apparel, knocking at the Alehouse door,* L. H. S. E. TAPWELL *and* FROTH *come from the house.* TAPWELL, C. FROTH, L. H.

Well. [R. H.] No credit? nor no liquor?
Tap. Not a suck, sir;
Nor the remainder of a single can,
Left by a drunken porter.
Froth. Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir:
'Tis verity, I assure you.
Well. Verity, you brache! [*crosses to centre*
The devil turned precisian? Rogue, what am I?
Tap. Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
And take the name yourself.
Well. How? dog! [*raising his cudgel*
Tap. Advance your Plymouth cloak,
There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,
A potent monarch, call'd the constable,
That does command a citadel, call'd the stocks;
Such as with great dexterity will hale
Your threadbare, tatter'd——
Well. Rascal! slave!
Froth. No rage, sir.
Tap. At his own peril! Do not put yourself
In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and other drink, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.

Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus!
Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?
Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell
Does keep no other register.
Well. Am not I he
Whose riots fed and cloth'd thee? Wert thou not
Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?
Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not;
What you are is apparent: but, since you
Talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,
Old Sir John Wellborn,
My quondam master, was a man of worship;
Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,
Reliev'd the poor, and so forth; but he dying,
And his estate coming to you,
Late master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn——
Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.
Froth. Very hardly;
You cannot out of your way.
Tap. You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
And I your under butler.
O you'd a merry time of't; hawks and hounds,
With choice of running horses: mistresses,
And other such extravagances: which
Your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,
Resolving not to lose the opportunity,
On statutes, mortgages, and binding bonds,
Awhile supplied your folly, and, having got
Your land, then left you.
Well. Some curate hath penn'd this invective, mongrel,
And you have studied it.
Tap. I've not done yet:
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,
You grew the common borrower; no man 'scap'd you,

Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here;——
Well. Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! Did not I
Make purses for you? Then you lick'd my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean 'em.
'Twas I, that, when I heard thee swear, if ever
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst
Live like an emperor, 'twas I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!
Tap. I must, sir;
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poor, like you.
Well. They're well rewarded,
That beggar themselves to make such rascals rich.
Thou viper! thankless viper!——
But, since you're grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and beat you into remembrance;
Not leave one bone unbroken.
[*beats him over to* L. H.
Tap. O! O! O!
Froth. Help, help!——

Enter ALLWORTH, R. H.

Allw. Hold, for my sake, hold; [*catches his arm*
Deny me, Frank? They are not worth your anger.
Well. For once, thou hast redeem'd them from this sceptre. [*shaking his cudgel*
But let 'em vanish;——
Nay, if you grumble, I revoke my pardon.
[*Wellborn and Allworth talk apart*
Froth. This comes of your prating, husband.
Tap. Patience, Froth;
There's law to cure our bruises.
[*Exeunt Tapwell and Froth into the alehouse,* L. H. *2nd* E.

Well. Sent to your mother?
Allw. My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me,
I cannot pay too much observance to her:
There are few such stepdames.
Well. 'Tis a noble widow,
And keeps her reputation pure and clear.
But, pr'ythee, tell me,
Has she no suitors?
Allw. E'en the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord excepted; such as sue and send,
And send and sue again; but to no purpose.
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence;
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That, I dare undertake, you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment.
Well. I doubt it not. Now, Allworth, listen to me,
And mark my counsel: I am bound to give it.
Thy father was my friend; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee:
I will not have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.
Allw. I thank your noble care: but, pray you, in what
Do I run the hazard?
Well. Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.
Allw. In love?
Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.
I've heard all, and the choice that you have made;
And, with my finger, can point out the north star
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of cormorant Overreach? Dost blush and start,
To hear her only nam'd? Blush at your want
Of wit and reason.
Allw. Howe'er you have discover'd my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and if ever

The queen of flowers, the boast of spring, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions,
Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl, her father.

Well. Grant this true,
As I believe, yet canst thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruin'd thy state?

Allw. And yours too.

Well. I confess it, Allworth.
Or canst thou think, if self-love blind thee not,
That Sir Giles Overreach, who, to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and, I hope, his own too,
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.

Allw. You have well advis'd me.
But, in the mean time, you, that are so studious
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own.
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

Well. No matter, no matter. [*crosses to* R. H.

Allw. Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my fortune, and my means; yet something
I can spare from myself, to help your wants.
[*offers him money.*

Well. How's this?

Allw. Nay, be not angry.

Well. Money from thee?
From a boy? a stipendiary? one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother,
And the uncertain favour of a lord?
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me,
Though I am rudely thrust out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred,—know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy,——

Although I thank thee, I disdain thy offer.
No—as I, in my madness, broke my state,——
Without th' assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits, I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus, and be forgotten.

[*Exit Allworth*, L. H. *Wellborn*, R. H.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in* LADY ALLWORTH'S *House, a table*, R. H. *and four chairs*, L. H.

Enter AMBLE, ORDER, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL, L. H.

Ord. [*in the centre*] Set all things right; or, as my name is Order,
And by this staff of office, that commands you,
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
Whoever misses in his function,
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,
And privilege in the wine-cellar.

Wat. You are merry,
Good master Steward.

Fur. Let him; I'll be angry.

Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock yet,
Nor dinner taking up; then, 'tis allow'd,
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.

Fur. You think you've spoken wisely, goodman Amble,
My lady's go-before.

Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling.

Fur. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen!
At all hours, and at all places, I'll be angry;
And thus provok'd, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry. [*crosses to Furnace and shakes hands*

Amb. There was no hurt meant.

Fur. I'm friends with thee; and yet, I will be angry.

Wat. With whom?

Fur. No matter whom: yet, now I think on't,
I'm angry with my lady.

Amb. Heaven forbid, man!

Ord. What cause has she given thee?

[*crosses to Furnace.*

Fur. Cause enough, master Steward,
I was entertain'd by her to please her palate;
And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
When I am three parts roasted,
And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.

Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.

Fur. By whom?
By such as pretend love to her; but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire
That's stolen into commission.

Ord. Justice Greedy?

Fur. The same. Meat's cast away upon him;
It never thrives. He holds this paradox;
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well:
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave.

[*a knocking without.* L. H.

Wat. One knocks. [*Exit Watchall,* L. H.

Ord. Our late young master.

Enter WATCHALL *and* ALLWORTH, L. H. ALLWORTH *passes and salutes them alternately, and crosses to* FURNACE.

Wat. Welcome, sir.

Fur. You're welcome;
If you've a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

[*Allworth crosses to Order.*

Ord. His father's picture in little.

[*Allworth crosses to Amble.*

Amb. We are all your servants.

Allw. At once my thanks to all. [*crosses to* R. H.
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

Ord. Her presence answers for us.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, ABIGAIL, *and* TABITHA, R. H.

Lady. Sort those silks well.
I'll take the air alone:——
[*Exeunt Tabitha and Abigail,* L. H.
And, as I gave directions, if this morning
I'm visited by any, entertain 'em
As heretofore: but say, in my excuse,
I'm indispos'd.
Ord. We shall, madam.
Lady. Do, and leave me. [*Exeunt Watchall, Furnace, Order, and Amble,* L. H.
Nay, stay you, Allworth.—Tell me, how is't with
Your noble master?
Allw. Ever like himself;
No scruple lessen'd in the full weight of honour.
He did command me,—pardon my presumption,—
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.
Lady. I'm honour'd in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the low countries?
Allw. Constantly, good madam;
But will, in person, first present his service.
Lady. And how approve you of his course? you're yet,
Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable:
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.
Allw. Any form you please
I will put on: but,—might I make my choice,——
With humble emulation, I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.
Lady. 'Tis well answer'd;
And I commend your spirit:
Beware ill company; for, often, men
Are like to those with whom they do converse;

And from one man I warn you, and that is Wellborn:
Not, 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity:
But that he's in his manners so deprav'd,
And hath in vicious courses lost himself.
'Tis true, your father lov'd him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but, if he had liv'd
To've known him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do. [*noise without, stamping* L. H.
Somebody comes. This way:
Follow me to my chamber: you shall have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied
As I hear from you.
Allw. I am still bound to you. [*Exeunt*, R. H.

Enter ORDER, WATCHALL, SIR GILES OVERREACH, MARALL, [MARALL *crosses behind to* SIR GILES, R. H.] GREEDY, FURNACE, *and* AMBLE, L. H.

Gree. [L. H.] Not to be seen!
Sir G. [*on Greedy's* R. H.] Still cloister'd up! Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she make herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.
Ord. [*on Sir G.'s* R. H.] Sir, 'tis her will;
Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,
And not dispute: howe'er, you're nobly welcome;
And, if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.
Gree. Is it of the right race?
[*Sir G. and Mar. converse apart*
Ord. Yes, master Greedy.
Amb. How his mouth runs o'er!
Fur. [*on Greedy's* L. H.] I'll make it run and run.
—Save your good worship!
Gree. Honest master Cook, thy hand; again: how I love thee!
Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.

Fur. If you've a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef well season'd.
Gree. Good.
Fur. A pheasant larded.
Gree. That I might now give thanks for't!
Fur. Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,
The fattest stag I ever cook'd.
Gree. A stag, man?
Fur. A stag, sir; part of it prepar'd for dinner,
And bak'd in puff-paste.
Gree. Puff-paste too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
And red deer, too, Sir Giles, and bak'd in puff-paste!
All business set aside, let us give thanks here.
Sir G. [*advancing*] You know, we cannot.
Mar. Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And, if you fail to come, you lose the cause.
Gree. Cause me no causes; I'll prove't, for such a dinner,
We may put off a commission: you shall find it
Henrici decimo quarto.
Sir G. Fie, master Greedy!
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! We must forget the belly,
When we think of profit.
Gree. Well, you shall o'er-rule me.
I could e'en cry now. Do you hear, master Cook?
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you—a brace of three-pences.
Fur. Will you be so prodigal?
[*Greedy and Furnace converse apart.*
Sir G. [*to Ord.*] Remember me to your lady.

Enter WELLBORN, L. H.

Whom have we here?
Well. You know me.
Sir G. I did once, but now I will not;

Thou art no blood of mine. [*crosses to* L. H.] Avaunt,
thou beggar!
If ever thou presume to cross me more,
I'll have thee cag'd and whipp'd. [*Exit Sir G.* L. H.
Gree. I'll grant the warrant.
Think of pye-corner, Furnace!
[*Exeunt Greedy and Marall,* L. H. *Marall eyeing Wellborn contemptuously. Wellborn takes a chair, and sits down in the centre of the stage.*
Wat. Will you out, sir?
I wonder how you durst creep in.
Ord. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.
Amb. Cannot you stay
To be serv'd among your fellows, from the basket,
But you must press into the hall?
Fur. Pr'ythee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigsty;
My scullion shall come to thee.
Well. This is rare:

Enter ALLWORTH, R. H.

O, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!
[*Allworth crosses to* L. H.
Allw. We must be strangers;
Nor would I have you seen here, for a million.
[*Exit Allworth,* L. H.
Well. Better and better:—He contemns me too!

Enter ABIGAIL *and* TABITHA, R. H. *and crosses to* L. H.

Abi. [*seeing Wellborn*] Mercy preserve my sight!
What thing is this?
Tab. A wretched object, truly.
Let's hence, for heaven's sake, or I shall swoon.
Abi. I begin to faint already.
[*Exeunt Abigail and Tabitha,* L. H.
Fur. Will you know your way, sir?
Amb. Or shall we teach it you,
By the head and shoulders?

Well. No; I will not stir:
Do you mark? I will not. [*starts up*] Let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs, and cringe;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;
That have not souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond your master's leaving,—who advances?
Who shows me the way? [*beats them*
All the Servants. Help, fellows, help!—Within there!
Ord. Here comes my lady.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, R. H.

Lady. How now? What noise is this?
Well. Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.
Lady. To me?
Well. And, though I've met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage,
As may become the true friend of your husband,
And then I shall forget these.
Lady. I'm amaz'd,
To see and hear this rudeness. Dar'st thou think,
Though sworn, that it can ever find belief
That I, who to the best men of this country
Denied my presence since my husband's death,
Can fall so low, as to exchange words with thee?
Well. Scorn me not, good lady;
But, as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
As that which fills your veins: your swelling titles,
Your ample fortune, with your men's observance
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;

Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shown
For your late noble husband.

Ord. There he touch'd her.

Well. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels,
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with honour, lady;
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And in his own hopes not to be buoy'd up,
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.

Fur. Are not we base rogues,
That could forget this?

Well. I confess you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
Tho' he brought no wealth with him, blame you for't:
For he'd a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble;
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.

Lady. 'Tis most true, he had.

Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.

Lady. For what's past excuse me:
I will redeem it. [*offers him her pocket-book*

Well. Madam, on no terms:
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you;
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
One only suit I make; pray give me leave.——
[*Lady Allworth signs to the servants, who retire out of hearing* L. H. S. E.
I will not tire your patience with relation
Of the bad arts my uncle Overreach
Still forg'd, to strip me of my fair possessions;

Nor how he now shuts door upon my want,
Would you but vouchsafe
To your dead husband's friend,—as well you may,
Your honour still left free,—but such feign'd grace,
As might beget opinion in Sir Giles
Of a true passion tow'rds me, you would see,
In the mere thought to prey on me again,
When all that's yours were mine, he'd turn my friend;
And, that no rub might stay my course to you,
Quit all my owings, set me trimly forth,
And furnish'd well with gold:—which I should use,
I trust, to your no shame, lady; but live
Ever a grateful debtor to your gentleness.

Lady. What! nothing else?

[*offers her pocket-book again*

Well. Nothing, unless you please to charge your servants
To throw away a little respect upon me.

Lady. All you demand is yours.

[*she beckons the servants, who advance a little,* L. H.
Respect this gentleman,
As 'twere myself. Adieu, dear master Wellborn,——
Pray let me see you with your oftenest means:
I am ever bound to you.

[*going, and Wellborn waiting on her*

Well. Your honour's servant. [*kisses her hand*

[*Exit Lady Allworth,* R. H.

All the Servants. [*coming up to Wellborn with bows and cringes*] Ah, sweet sir,——

Well. Nay, all's forgiven, all forgotten, friends:
And, for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

All the Servants. Agreed, agreed! Still merry master Wellborn. [*Exeunt all the Servants,* L. H.

Well. Faith, a right worthy and a liberal lady,
Who can at once so kindly meet my purposes,
And brave the flouts of censure, to redeem
Her husband's friend!—When, by this honest plot,

The world believes she means to heal my wants
With her extensive wealth, each noisy creditor
Will be struck mute; and I, thus left at large
To practise on my uncle Overreach,
May work, perhaps, the measure to redeem
My mortgag'd fortune; which he stripp'd me of,
When headlong dissipation quell'd my reason.
The fancy pleases: if the plot succeed,
'Tis a New Way to Pay Old Debts, indeed. [*Exit* L. H.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of* LADY ALLWORTH'S *Park.*

Enter SIR GILES *and* MARALL, L. H.

Sir. G. He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crush'd him.

Mar. Your worship has the way on't, and ne'er miss
To squeeze these unthrifts into air: and yet
The chap-fall'n justice did his part, returning,
For your advantage, the certificate,
Against his conscience and his knowledge too,
With your good favour, to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.

Sir G. 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice: he that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder why, your worship having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself.

Sir G. Thou art a fool;
In being out of office, I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might, or out of wilfulness, or error,
Run myself finally into a præmunire,
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none of't: 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not;
Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Sir G. I would be worldly wise; for the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well-govern'd life,
And to do right to others as ourselves,
I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you,
With your good patience, to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, Mr. Frugal? As 'tis said,

He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land, lying in the midst of your many lordships,
Is a foul blemish.
Sir G. I have thought on't, Marall;
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.
Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.
Sir G. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor;
Which done, I'll make my men break ope' his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire to his barns, or break his cattle's legs:
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three year,
Though he sue *in formâ pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind-hand.
Mar. The best I ever heard! I could adore you.
Sir G. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title: want will force him
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.
Mar. Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.
Sir G. Well thought on.
This varlet, Wellborn, lives too long to upbraid me
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold
Nor hunger kill him?
Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I've us'd all means; and, the last night, I caus'd
His host the tapster turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,
And, on the forfeit of your favour, charg'd them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from starving,
Yet they should not relieve him: this is done, sir.
Sir G. 'Twas well done, Marall; but thou must go further,
And suddenly, Marall.

Mar. Where and when you please, sir.
Sir G. I'd have thee seek him out, and, if thou canst,
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg:
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a hen-roost,
Not all the word shall save him from the gallows.
Do any thing to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy master-piece.
Mar. I'll do my best, sir.
Sir G. I'm now on my main work, with the Lord Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular, Lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear,
He's come into the country; and my aims are,
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.
Mar. I have you;
This points at my young mistress.
Sir. G. She must part with
That humble title, and be honourable,
Right honourable, Marall, my right honourable daughter;
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it!
I'll have her well-attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,
That, for cast clothes and meat, will gladly serve her.
And 'tis my glory, tho' I come from the city,
To have their issue, whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine, as bond-slaves.
Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.
Sir G. And, therefore, I'll not have a chambermaid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry.

Enter WELLBORN, R. H.

Mar. See, who's here, sir. [*Marall goes up*
Sir G. Hence, monster! prodigy!

Well. Call me what you will;—
I am your nephew, sir, your sister's son.
Sir G. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious, rogue!
I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.
Come hither, Marall.—This is the time to work him.
Mar. I warrant you, sir. [*Exit Sir Giles,* R. H.
Well. By this light, I think, he's mad.
Mar. Mad! had you ta'en compassion on yourself,
You long since had been mad.
Well. You've ta'en a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.
Mar. The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply,—
Well. By what?
Mar. By my religion.
Well. Thy religion?
The devil's creed!—But what would you have done?
Mar. Had there been but one tree in the whole shire,
Or any hope to compass a single halter,
Before, like you, I had outliv'd my fortunes,
A withe had serv'd my turn to hang myself.
I'm zealous in your cause: 'pray, hang yourself,
And presently, as you love your credit.
Well. I thank you.
Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch?
Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut? house to be broken?
Or market-woman with eggs that you may murder,
And so despatch the business?
Well. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you. [*crosses to* R. H.
Mar. If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take some course
For your reputation.

Well. 'Twill not do, dear temper,
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair;
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live and suddenly, better than ever.
Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air,
Will not persuade me or to give or lend,
A token to you.
Well. I will be more kind to thee:
Come thou shalt dine with me.
Mar. With you!
Well. Nay more, dine gratis.
Mar. Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose cost?
Are they paddies, or gipsies, that are your consorts?
Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine,
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.
Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the lady of the lake, or queen of fairies?
For, I know, it must be an enchanted dinner.
Well. With the lady Allworth, knave.
Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is crack'd.
Well. Mark there with what respect
I am entertain'd.
Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?
Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine own eyes.
Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance rather,
To see thee curvet and mount like a dog in a blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.
Well. Come along then.

[*Exeunt*, R. H. *As Wellborn is going, Marall motions with cane to have the precedence. Wellborn does so, and Marall exit pompously.*]

SCENE II.—*The Hall in* LADY ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter WATCHALL, FURNACE, ORDER, AMBLE, *and* ALLWORTH, R. H.

Allw. [L. H.] Your courtesies o'erwhelm me: I much grieve
To part with such true friends; and yet find comfort,
My attendance on my honourable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,
Will speedily bring me back.

[*Wellborn and Marall, without,* L. H. *Wellborn knocks—exit Watchall,* L. H.]

Mar. Dar'st thou venture further?

Well. Yes, yes, and knock again. [*knocks*

Ord. 'Tis he: disperse.

Amb. Perform it bravely.

Fur. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.

[*Exeunt Furnace,* L. H. S. E. *Order and Amble,* R. H.

Enter WATCHALL, WELLBORN, *and* MARALL, L. H.

Wat. Beast that I was, to make you stay! Most welcome;
You were long since expected.

Well. Say so much
To my friend, I pray you.

Wat. For your sake, I do, sir. [*Exit,* R. H.

Mar. For his sake!

Well. Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever
I'd have believ'd, tho' I had found it in my primer.

Allw. When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,
You'll pardon and excuse me; [*crosses to centre*] for, believe me,
Though now I part abruptly, in my service
I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a vengeance!

Well. I'm satified: farewell, Tom.

Allw. All joy stay with you! [*Exit,* L. H.

Enter AMBLE, R. H.

Amb. You're happily encounter'd; I ne'er yet
Presented one so welcome as, I know,
You will be to my lady.
Mar. This is some vision;
Or, sure, these men are mad, to worship a dunghill;
It cannot be a truth.
Well. Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant,
And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips!

Enter FURNACE, L. H. S. E.

Fur. [*comes down between Well. and Mar.*] I'm glad you're come; until I know your pleasure,
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.
Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?
Well. What's thy will?
Fur. Marry, sir, I have
Some rails and quails, and my lady will'd me ask you,
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.
[*Wellborn whispers Furnace up the stage*
Mar. The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce for his palate,
That, on my knowledge,
Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread on Sundays!
Well. That way I like them best
Fur. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit Furnace*, L. H. S. E.
Well. What think you of the hedge we shall dine under?
Shall we feed gratis?
Mar. I know not what to think;
'Pray you, make me not mad.

Enter ORDER, R. H.

Ord. This place becomes you not;
'Pray you, walk, sir, to the dining-room.

Well. I am well here,
Till her ladyship quits her chamber.
Mar. Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday, you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in pease-straw.

Enter TABITHA *and* ABIGAIL, R. H.

Tab. O! you're much wish'd for, sir.
Abi. Last night, my lady
Dreamt of you; and her first command this morning,
Was to have notice, sir, of your arrival.
See, my lady. [*Exit Order*, R. H.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, R. H.

Lady. I come to meet you, and languish'd till I saw you—
This first kiss is for form; I allow a second
To such a friend.
Mar. To such a friend! heaven bless me!
Well. I'm wholly your's; yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute.
[*As Marall attempts to sneak off, Wellborn pulls him back by the cloak and puts him over to Lady Allworth*, R. H.]
Mar. Salute me at his bidding!
[*Marall retreats towards the door*, L. H.
Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favour.
Lady. Your friends are ever welcome to me.
Well. [*bringing Mar. back*] Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!
Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of. [*offers to kiss her foot.*
Lady. Nay, 'pray you rise;
And, since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to-day at mine own table.
Mar. Your ladyship's table! I'm not good enough
To sit at your steward's board.

Lady. You are too modest;
I will not be denied.

Enter ORDER, R. H.

Ord. Dinner is ready for your ladyship.
Lady. Come, master Wellborn:
[*To Marall, who is retreating again and is pulled back by Wellborn*]
Nay keep us company.
Mar. I was ne'er so grac'd.
[*Lady Allworth and Wellborn take Marall by the hand—he bowing with the greatest servility—they retire through* M. D.—*Exeunt Abi. and Tab.* R. H.

Enter FURNACE, L. H. S. E.

Ord. So we've play'd our parts, and are come off well:
But if I know the mistery, why my lady
Consented to it, may I perish!
Fur. Would I had
The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
By fire,—for cooks are Persians, and swear by it,
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.
Wat. What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?
Fur. Just as much
As my throat is worth; for that would be the price on't.
To have a usurer that starves himself,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:
But this Sir Giles feeds high; keeps many servants;
Rich in his habit; vast in his expenses;
Yet he, to admiration, still increases
In wealth and lordships.
Ord. He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.

Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodg'd so unluckily.

Enter AMBLE, *through* M. D.

Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst.
Ord. Contain thyself, man.
Fur. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.
Amb. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table!—this term-driver, Marall,
This snip of an attorney!
Wat. What of him, man?
Amb. The knave feeds so slovenly!
Fur. Is this all?
Amb. My lady
Drank to him for fashion's sake, or to please master Wellborn;
As I live, he rises and takes up a dish
In which there was some remnants of a boil'd capon,
And pledges her in white broth!
Fur. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his tribe.
Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his chair, and, after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship.
All the Servants. Ha! ha! ha!—
[*Furnace runs off*, L. H. S. E.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, *and* MARALL, *through* M. D.

Lady. You attend us well!
Let me have no more of this; I observ'd your leering:
Sir, I will have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table,
When I am present, is not your companion.
Ord. [*aside*] Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.
Lady. [*to Wellborn*] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,

As not to enquire your purposes; in a word,
[*crosses to* R. H *Wellborn following her*
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.
Well. Mark that. [*to Marall*
Mar. [L. H.] With reverence, sir,
And it like your worship.
Well. Trouble yourself no further,
Dear madam, my heart's full of zeal and service;
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, master Marall. [*crosses to* L. H.
Mar. I attend your worship.
[*Here Wellborn entreats Marall to lead, who declines—Wellborn then bows and exit* L. H. *Marall follows.*
Lady. [*to the servants*] I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know me
An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.
Order and Amble, come with me; I must give you
Further directions.
Ord. What you please.
Amb. We are ready. [*Exeunt* R. H.

SCENE III.—*The Open Country.*

Enter WELLBORN *and* MARALL, L. H. S. E.

Well. I think I'm in a good way.
Mar. Good, sir! The best way;
The certain best way.
Well. There are casualties
That men are subject to.—Is't for your ease
You keep your hat off?
Mar. Ease, an it like your worship!
I hope Jack Marall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be covered
When your worship's present.
Well. [*aside*] Is not this a true rogue,
That, out of a mere hope of a future coz'nage,

Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already.
Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs no counsel;
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice, (but still
Under correction,) I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.
Well. No; speak freely.
Mar. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment,
(Still with your worship's favour,) I could wish you
A better habit; for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady
That loves you:
I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I'll presently
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy you
A riding suit.
Well. But where's the horse?
Mar. My gelding
Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor, (as I know you will be,)
You may with the lease of glebe land, call'd Knave's Acre,
A place I would manure, requite your vassal.
Well. I thank thy love; but will make no use of it.
Did I want clothes, think'st thou I could not have 'em
For one word to my lady?
Mar. As I know not that—
Well. Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.
I'll not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we're married
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forc'd
To buy my wedding clothes.—
No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself,
And so farewell.—For thy suit touching Knave's Acre,

When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit Wellborn*, R. H.
Mar. I thank your worship.
How was I cozen'd in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! My master cozen'd too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession. Well, well, master Wellborn,
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated;
Which, if the fates please, when you are possess'd
Of the land and lady, you *sans* question shall be.
I'll presently think of the means.
[*walks by, musing*, R. H.

Enter SIR GILES, L. H. [*speaking as he enters.*

Sir G. Sirrah, order my carriage round;
I'll walk, to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile;
And exercise will keep me from being pursey.
Ha! Marall!—Is he conjuring? Perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,
So it be done.—Marall!
Mar. Sir?
Sir G. How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?
Mar. Never better, sir.
Sir G. Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?
Mar. No, sir, he lives;
Lives, once more to be made a prey to you,
A greater prey than ever.
Sir G. Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.
Mar. A lady, sir, is fall'n in love with him.
Sir G. With him! What lady?
Mar. The rich Lady Allworth.
Sir G. Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak this?
Mar. I speak truth,
And I do so but once a year, unless
It be to you, sir. We din'd with her ladyship,

I thank his worship.
Sir G. His worship!
Mar. As I live, sir,
I din'd with him, at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd him,
And would at his request, have kiss'd me too.
Sir G. Why thou rascal!
To tell me these impossibilities.
Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!
Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain, to see her, though I came——a suitor?
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!—
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lie would call up one
On thy buttermilk cheeks.
Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,
Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.
Sir G. You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah:
Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving-men and chambermaids,
Or I'll quit you from my employments.
Mar. Will you credit this yet?
On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd Wellborn—
[*aside*] (I'd give a crown now I durst say his worship,)
My nag, and twenty pounds.
Sir G. Did you so, idiot? [*strikes him*
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me? [*beats him*
Mar. Will your worship kill me?
Sir G. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.
Mar. He's gone.
Sir G. I've done then. Now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know, my Lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow:

Be careful naught be wanting to receive him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up,
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll thank 'm.—
There's a piece, for my late blows. [*crosses* R.
Mar. [*aside*] I may yet cry quittance,
There may be a time——
Sir G. Do you grumble?
Mar. No, sir. [*Exeunt*, R. H.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of* LADY ALLWORTH'S *Park.*

Enter LOVELL *and* ALLWORTH, L. H.

Lov. [*speaking as he enters*] Drive the coach
round the hill: something in private
I must impart to Allworth.
Allw. O, my lord,
What sacrifice of rev'rence, duty, watching,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve 'em;
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer;
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties shower'd upon me?
Lov. Nay, good youth,
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it. Since you've trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident, 'tis in a cabinet lock'd
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
More zealous in your love and service to me,
Than I have been in my rewards.
Allw. Still great ones,
Above my merit.
You have been
More like a father to me than a master:
'Pray you, pardon the comparison.
Lov. I allow it;
And to give you assurance I am pleas'd in't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,
I can command my passions.
Allw. 'Tis a conquest
Few men can boast of, when they are tempted.—Oh!
Lov. Why do you sigh? Can you be doubtful of me?
By that fair name I in the wars have purchas'd,

And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to thee, Allworth!

Allw. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain: but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those too seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.

Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish 'em, in plainer language,
That I may understand 'em.

Allw. My much-lov'd lord, were Margaret only fair,
You might command your passion;
But, when the well-tun'd accents of her tongue
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing,
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.

Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.

Allw. Grant all these beat off,
(Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,)
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and as much land
As would tire
A falcon's wings, in one day to fly over.
I here release your trust:
'Tis happiness enough for me, to serve you,
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.

Lov. Why, shall I swear?

Allw. O, by no means, my lord!

Lov. Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is't
To Overreach's house?

At the most, some half hour's riding;
on be there.
And you the sooner freed
ir jealous fears.
Oh, that I durst but hope it! [*Exeunt*, R. H.

SCENE II.—*The Hall in* SIR GILES' *House.*

Enter SIR GILES, GREEDY, *and* MARALL, L. H. C. D.

[*Sir Giles in the centre, Greedy,* R. H. *Marall,* L. H.]

Sir G. Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack with the weight
Of curious viands.

Gree. Store indeed's no sore, sir.

Sir G. That proverb fits your stomach, master Greedy.

Gree. It does, indeed, Sir Giles: I do not like to see a table ill-spread, poor, meagre, just sprinkled o'er with salads, slic'd beef, giblets, and pig's pettitoes. But the substantials—O, Sir Giles, the substantials! The state of a fat turkey now! the decorum, the grandeur, he marches in with! O, I declare, I do much honour a chine of beef! O, I do reverence a loin of veal!

Sir G. And let no plate be seen, but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of: let my choicest linen
Perfume the room; and, when we wash, the water,
With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. 'Twill be very chargeable.

Sir G. Avaunt, you drudge!
Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake,
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter.
Call in my daughter! [*Exit Marall,* L. H.
And, master justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of 'em——

Gree. As I do indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for 'em.

Sir G. I do confer that providence, with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.

Gree. I'll punctually discharge it,

And give the best directions.
[*Sir Giles retires up the stage*
Now am I,
In mine own conceit, a monarch, at the least,
Arch-president o' the boil'd, the roast, the bak'd;—
I'd not change my throne for the Great Mogul's;
For which I will eat often; and give thanks,
When my belly's brac'd up like a drum, and that's pure justice. [*Exit Greedy*, R. H.
Sir G. [*advancing*] It must be so: should the foolish girl prove modest,
She may spoil all: she had it not from me,
But from her mother: I was ever forward,
And she must be; and therefore I'll prepare her.

Enter MARALL, *followed by* MARGARET, *and attendants*, L. H.

Alone, Margaret,—
Alone,—and let your women wait without.
[*Exit Women*, L. H.
Marg. Your pleasure, sir?
Sir G. Ha! this is a neat dressing!
[*walks round her*
These orient pearls and diamonds well plac'd too!
The gown affects me not, it should have been
Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
How like you your new woman,
The Lady Downfall?
Marg. Well, for a companion;
Not as a servant.
Sir G. Is she humble, Meg,
And careful too, her ladyship forgotten?
Marg. I pity her fortune.
Sir G. Pity her! Trample on her.
I took her up in an old tamin gown,
E'en starv'd for very want of food, to serve thee,
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,

I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodg'd him,
Into the counter, and there let 'em howl together.
Marg. You know your own ways, but for me, I blush
When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.
Sir G. In birth! Why, art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my fortunes,
And throw thee from my care: do not provoke me.
Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way you please.

Enter GREEDY, *with a napkin round his neck, and a rolling-pin in his hand,* R. H.

Gree. Sir Giles, Sir Giles,—
Sir G. How! interrupted? [*crosses to centre*
Gree. 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn
From my experience. There's a fawn brought in, sir,
And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it whole
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it:
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling!
'Tis not worth three pence.
Sir G. Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! Cook it any way: Pr'ythee, leave me.
Gree. Without order for the dumpling?
Sir G. Let it be dumpled
Which way thou wilt; or, tell him, I will scald him
In his own caldron.
Gree. I had lost my stomach
Had I lost my dumpling. [*Exit Greedy,* R. H.
Sir G. But to our business, Meg:—You've heard who dines here?
Marg. I have, sir.

Sir G. 'Tis an honourable man;
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers; and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one; and to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
Is granted unto few, but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter GREEDY, *with a toast and fork*, R. H.

Gree. I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obey'd.
Sir G. 'Slight, art thou frantic?
Gree. Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and stark mad,
Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too,
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks.—
He has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish 'em
With toast and butter.
Sir G. [*crosses to* R. H. *behind*] Cook!—rogue, obey him!
I've given the word: pray, now remove yourself
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.
Gree. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner.
[*Exit Greedy*, R. H.
Sir G. And as I said, Meg, when this gull disturb'd us,
This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.
Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.
Sir G. I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it;
Be thou no enemy to thyself: my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me:
Remember, he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:

This mincing modesty hath spoil'd many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hop'd for.
Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin?
Sir G. Virgin me no virgins!
I'll have you lose that name, or you lose me;
I'll have you private,—start not,—I say, private:
If you are my true daughter,
You'll venture alone with one man, though he came
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too:
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.
Marg. I've heard this is the wanton's fashion, sir,
Which I must never learn.
Sir G. Learn any thing,
And from any creature, that may make thee great;
E'en from the devil himself: stand not on form;
Words are no substances.
Marg. With your leave, sir;—in worldly policy,
This is not the way to make me his wife:
My virgin scruples overcome so soon,
Cannot but assure him,
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight
When tempted by others; so, in judgment,
If, to obey you, I forget my honour,
He must and will forsake me.
Sir G. How! forsake thee?
Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up, or wither'd? Does there live a man,
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground
Not purchas'd with his blood that did oppose me?
Forsake thee!—He dares not.
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood arm'd by his side, to justify the wrong,
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
I'd make him render
A bloody and a strict account, and force him,

By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour.
Meg, I have said it. [*crosses to* L. H.

Enter MARALL, *hastily*, L. H. U. E.

Mar. Sir, sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.
Sir G. In, there, without reply, and wait my call:
And do as I command, or thou art lost.
[*Exit Margaret*, R. H.
Is the loud music I gave order for
Ready to receive him?
Mar. 'Tis, sir.
Sir G. Let 'em sound
A princely welcome. [*Exit Marall*, L. H. U. E.
Roughness, awhile leave me;
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me.
[*Music*, L. H. U. E. *till characters are down the stage: two servants precede with wands, four follow the characters*]

Enter MARALL, LOVELL, ALLWORTH, L. H. U. E.

Lov. Sir, you meet your trouble,
Sir G. What you are pleas'd to style so, is an honour
Above my worth and fortunes.

Re-enter GREEDY, R. H.

Allw. [*aside*] Strange! so humble!
Sir. G. A justice of peace, my lord.
[*presents Greedy to him*
Lov. Your hand, good sir.
Gree. [*aside*] This is a lord: some would think this a favour;
But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling.
Sir G. Room for my lord.
Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter,
To crown my welcome.
Sir G. May it please my lord

To taste a glass of Greek wine first? and suddenly
She shall attend, my lord. [*Exeunt servants*, L. H.
Lov. You'll be obey'd, sir. [*music*]
[*Exeunt all but Sir Giles*, L. H.
Sir G. 'Tis to my wish; as soon as come, ask for her.
Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!

Re-enter MARGARET, R. H.

How! tears in your eyes!
Hah! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out.
Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom; think what 'tis
For me to say, my honourable daughter.
No more; but be instructed, or expect——He comes!

Re-enter LOVELL, ALLWORTH, GREEDY, *and* MARALL.

A well form'd girl, my lord.
Lov. [*crosses to Margaret*] As I live, a rare one!
[*salutes her*
Allw. He's ta'en already: I am lost.
Sir. G. That kiss
Came twanging off; I like it:—Quit the room.
[*Exeunt Greedy, Marall, and Allworth*, R. H. S. E.
A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.
Lov. I am happy
In such a scholar: but——
Sir G. I am past learning,
And therefore leave you to yourselves.—Remember.
[*aside to Margaret, and exit* R. H.
Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous
To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.
Marg. His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.
Lov. But o'er your duty.
Marg. Which, forc'd too much, may break.

Lov. Bend rather, sweetest:
Think of your years.
Marg. Too few to match with yours.
Lov. I can advance you.
Marg. To a hill of sorrow;
Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,
I of a low descent, however rich;
O, my good lord, I could say more, but that
I dare not trust these walls.
Lov. Pray you, trust my ear then. [*they whisper*

Re-enter SIR GILES, *listening*, R. H.

Sir G. Close at it! whispering!—this is excellent!
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter GREEDY, R. H.

Gree. Sir Giles! Sir Giles!
Sir G. The great fiend stop that clapper!
Gree. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon.
The bak'd meats are run out, the roast turn'd powder.
Sir G. Stop your insatiate jaws, or
I shall powder you.
Gree. Beat me to dust, I care not;
In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.
Sir G. Disturb my lord,
When he is in discourse?
Gree. Is't a time to talk
When we should be munching?
Sir G. Mum, villain; vanish! shall we break a bargain
Almost made up?
[*Exit, thrusting Greedy off before him*, R. H.
Lov. Lady, I understand you,
And wish you happy in your choice; believe it,
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us
Your slaves for ever.
Lov. I'm in the act rewarded,
Since it is good: Howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, till our purpose
Be brought to the wish'd end.
Marg. I'm prone to that.
Lov. Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles!
Where is Sir Giles?

Enter SIR GILES, ALLWORTH, (*who crosses behind to* L. H. *of* LOVELL,) GREEDY, *and* MARALL, R. H.

Sir G. My noble lord; and how
Does your humble lordship find her?
Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming;
And I like her the better.
Sir G. [*aside*] So do I too.
Lov. Yet, should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant: I will confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I shall have
Deliver'd by my page:—we must, for form, give way to't. [*puts Allw. over to Sir Giles.*
Sir G. With all my soul.
A towardly gentleman!
Your hand, good master Allworth: know my house
Is ever open to you.
Allw. [*aside*] 'Twas shut till now.
Sir G. [*to Margaret*] Well done, well done, my honourable daughter!
Thou'rt so already, [*puts Marg. over to Allw.*] know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter!
Marg. I shall, with my best care.
Prompter. [L. H.] Room, room,—make way there.
Sir G. What noise?
Gree. More stops
Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

Enter two Servants with wands preceding, and four following LADY ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN, M. D.

Lady. [*to Wellborn*] If I find welcome,
You shall share in't, if not, I'll back again;
For I come arm'd for all can be objected.
Lov. How! the Lady Allworth? [*crosses to her*
Sir G. And thus attended!
[*Lovell presents Margaret to Lady Allworth—Sir Giles crosses to Marall, who is on* R. H.
Mar. No, I am a dolt;
The spirit of lies hath enter'd me.
Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour, to prevent my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.
Lady. My lord, I laid wait for you, and much hop'd
You would have made my poor house your first inn:
And therefore, doubting that you might forget me,
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,
And took the air, in person to invite you.
Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, madam,
Of words to give you thanks.
Lady. Good Sir Giles Overreach,— [*bows to him*
How dost thou, Marall?—Lik'd you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?
Gree. I will, when you please,
An it like your ladyship.
Lady. When you please, master Greedy;
If meat can do't, you shall be satisfied.
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman; howe'er his outside's coarse,
[*presents Wellborn*
His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's:
And, howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soe'er,
For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,
He may, ere long, with boldness, rank himself

With some that have contemn'd him. Sir Giles Overreach,
If I am welcome, bid him so.
Sir G. My nephew! [*crosses to Wellborn*, L. H.
He has been too long a stranger: faith, you have:
Pray, let it be mended.
[*All converse apart, but Sir Giles and Wellborn.*]
Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy;
No man of worship,
Much less your nephew.
Sir G. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter. [*crosses to* R. H.
Mar. I'll not lose my joke,
Though I be beaten dead for't. [*Exit* R. H.
Well. [*advancing*] Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself, to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes.
Lov. I would hear, and help 'em. [*bell rings*, R. H.
Sir G. Your dinner waits you.
Lov. Pray you, lead; we follow.
Lady. Dear master Wellborn, come:—You are my guest. [*music*
[*Takes Wellborn's hand. Exeunt all but Greedy*, R. H. *Two servants, then Lady Allw. and Well. Lord Lovell and Marg., Allw. following. Sir G., Mar., and four servants.*]
Gree. Dear master Wellborn! so she said: Heaven, heaven!
If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this: I've granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham jail! And now, *Dear master Wellborn!*
And, *My good nephew!*—But I play the fool,
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

Re-enter MARALL, R. H.

Are they set, Marall?

Mar. Long since. [*attempts to go, Marall stops him*] Pray you, a word, sir.
Gree. No wording now.
Mar. In troth, I must: My master,
Knowing you are his friend, makes bold with you,
And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse him,
And wait to sup with him on the cold meat.
Gree. How! no dinner,
After all my care?
Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast——
Gree. That was
But a bit, to stay my stomach. A man in commission
Give place to a tatterdemalion!
Mar. No bug words, sir!
Should his worship hear you,——
Gree. Lose my dumpling too,
And butter'd toasts and woodcocks?
Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your justiceship,
And sit with the maids below there, you'll have dumpling,
Woodcock, and butter'd toasts too, by and by.
Gree. This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.
Mar. There's your way, sir. [*Exit Mar.* R. H.
Gree. I fear, we shall have but short commons below. I am no cameleon, to feed on air; nor Frenchman, to feast on a soused frog, or regale on an ounce of beef in a Mediterranean sea of soup: I love to see the board well spread, groaning under its savoury burden, smoking-hot from spit, furnace, and caldron.—Ods-me, Sir Giles! [*Exit Greedy*, L. H.

Enter SIR GILES, R. H.

Sir G. She's caught! O woman! What, neglect my lord,

And all her compliments apply to Wellborn!
In the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.
But why grieve I
At this? It makes for me; if she prove his,
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Enter MARALL, R. H.

Mar. Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.
Sir G. No matter, I'll excuse it: Prythee, Marall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.
Mar. Who! the rogue
The lady scorn'd to look on?
Sir G. Sirrah, sirrah! [*crosses to meet Lovell.*

Enter LOVELL, MARGARET, *and* ALLWORTH, R. H. *who crosses behind to* L. H.

Sir G. [*to Lovell*] My good lord, excuse my manners.
Lov. There needs none, Sir Giles;
I may ere long say—father, when it please
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.
Sir G. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy. [*Lady Allworth, &c. without,* R. H.
Lady. Nay, master Wellborn,—
Sir G. Grosser and grosser!

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, *and Servants,* R. H. *Marall crosses behind to* R. H. *and Margaret crosses behind to* R. H. *of Allworth.*

Lady. Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away:—My thanks, Sir Giles,
For my entertainment.—
[*Marall whispers Wellborn* R. H
Sir G. 'Tis your nobleness,
To think it such.
Lady. I must do you a further wrong,

In taking away your honourable guest.

Lov. I wait on you, madam: Farewell, good Sir Giles.

Lady. Nay, come, master Wellborn.—

[*Exit Marall,* R. H.

I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.

Sir G. [*crosses to Lady Allw.*] Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once:

Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach,
And after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.

Lady. Stay not long, sir.

Lov. Farewell, dear Margaret! You shall every day
Hear from your servant, by my faithful page.

Allw. 'Tis a service I am proud of. [*music*

[*Exeunt Lovell, Lady Allworth, Allworth, and servants,* M. D.

Sir G. Daughter, to your chamber.

[*Exit Margaret,* L. H.

You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.

Well. [R. H.] So I do, sir:
'Tis strange to me.

Sir G. [L. H.] But I'll make it no wonder;
And, what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends, and kinsmen,
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom;
As I must yield, with you I practis'd it:
But, now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you. This rich lady,
(And I am glad of't,) is enamour'd of you.

Well. No such thing:
Compassion rather, sir.

Sir G. Well; in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,

She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

Well. [*aside*] He'll run into the noose, and save my labour.

Sir G. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,
In pawn; I will redeem 'em; and, that no clamour
May taint your credit for your petty debts,
You shall have wherewithal to cut 'em off,
And go a freeman to the wealthy lady.

Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else—

Sir G. As it is, nephew.

Well. Binds me still your servant.

Sir G. No compliments: you're staid for. Ere you've supp'd,
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew!
To-morrow I will visit you.

Well. Here's an uncle [*crosses to* L. H.
In a man's extremes! How much they do belie you,
That say you are hard-hearted!

Sir G. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love; what men report, I weigh not.

[*Exeunt Wellborn*, L. H. *Sir G.* R. H

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* LADY ALLWORTH'S *House.—Table, two chairs, pens, ink, paper, sealing wax, and a lighted taper.*

LOVELL, *seated* R. H. *sealing a Letter, and* ALLWORTH L. H. *waiting on him discovered.*

Lov. 'Tis well.—May this succeed!—
[*rises and advances.*
I now discharge you
From further service: mind your own affairs;
I hope you'll prove successful.
Allw. What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let after-times report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engag'd, for I want language
To speak my debt; yet, if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could—
Lov. Nay, do not melt:
This ceremonial thanks to me 's superfluous.
[*Sir Giles Overreach, &c. without,* L. H.
Sir G. Is my lord stirring?
Lov. 'Tis he! O, here's your letter.—[*takes letter from table and gives to Allw.*] Let him in.
[*Allworth opens the* L. H. D. *and stands retired.*

Enter SIR GILES, GREEDY, *and* MARALL, L. H. D.

Sir G. A good day to my lord!
Lov. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.
Sir G. And reason, to attend your lordship.
Lov. And you, too, master Greedy, up so soon!
Gree. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up
I cannot sleep; for I've a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,
[*crosses to Lovell* R. H.

I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend Sir Giles.
Lov. Pray you, use your pleasure.
[*retires up the stage*
Gree. How far, Sir Giles, and pray you answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house to this of my Lady Allworth's?
Sir G. Why, some four mile.
Gree. How! four mile, good Sir Giles—
Upon your reputation, think better;
For four mile's riding
Could not have rais'd so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.
Mar. [L. H.] Whether you ride,
Or go afoot, you're that way still provided,
An't please your worship.
Sir G. How now, sirrah? prating
Before my lord! no difference! Go to my nephew,
See all his debts discharg'd, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit. [*crosses to Lovell*
Mar. I may fit you too. [*Exit Marall*, L. H. D.
Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.
Sir G. 'Twill fire her; for she's wholly yours already.
Sweet master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry you
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead
For my good lord, if you should find occasion.
That done, pray, ride to Nottingham, get a license,
Still by this token.—[*to Lov.*] I will have't despatch'd,
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.
Gree. [*stopping Allworth, who is crossing towards* L. H. D.] Take my advice, young gentleman; get your breakfast;
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting: I'll eat with you,
And that abundantly.
Sir G. Some Fury's in that gut:
Hungry again! did you not devour this morning
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?

Gree. Why, that was sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of a preparative.
Lov. Haste your return.
Allw. I will not fail, my lord. [*Exit Allw.* L. H. D.
Gree. Nor I, to line
My Christmas coffer. [*Exit Greedy,* L. H. D.
Sir G. To my wish; [*they sit*] we're private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:
In one word I pronounce, all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you: nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long; since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
Lov. You are a right kind father.
Sir G. You shall have reason
To think me such.
How do you like this seat of Lady Allworth's?
It is well wooded and well water'd, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve, for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?
Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well-built pile: and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.
Sir G. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time; but, let my lord
Say only that he but like it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.
Lov. Impossible!
Sir G. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands;—for those, once Well-born's,
As, by her dotage on him, I know they will be,
Shall soon be mine;—but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more

I say aloud, they're yours. [*they rise*
Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than thus to expose 'em to be censur'd by
The public voice.
Sir G. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall still stand as fair
In all good men's opinions, as now:
For, though I do contemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Shall ne'er be sullied with one taint or spot.
All my ambition is, to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her:
And, might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
Lov. Are you not mov'd by the sad imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?
Sir G. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is mov'd,
When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howl at her brightness.
I'm of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course.
Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widow's cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.
Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.
Sir G. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay more, if you will have my character

In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore,
Is it a match, my lord?

Lov. I hope that is past doubt now.

Sir G. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
Doubt not my honour, nor my faith to you;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me 'tis equal; so, my lord, good morrow.

[*Exit Sir Giles,* L. H. D.

Lov. He's gone: I wonder how the earth can bear him!
I, that have liv'd a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this horrid monster, am all bath'd
In a cold sweat; yet, like a mountain, he
Is no more shaken, than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, *through* M. D., *advances* R. H.

Lady. Save you, my lord!
Disturb I not your privacy?

Lov. No, good madam;
For your own sake, I'm glad you came no sooner:
Since this bold, bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,
That I should think it a sin next to his
But to repeat it.

Lady. I ne'er press'd, my lord,
On [illegible] yet, against my will,

[illegible] *is omitted; then Lovell exit* R. H.

Walking for health's sake, in the gallery here,
I was made,
So loud and vehement he was, partaker
Of his tempting offers.
But, my good lord, if I may use my freedom,
As to an honour'd friend,——
Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.
Lady. I dare, then, say thus:
However common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims, 'twill not agree
With those of noble blood, of fame, and honour.
Lov. Madam, 'tis confess'd;
But what infer you from it?
Lady. This, my lord;
I allow the heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can boast of; yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, stop their mouths
That never will forget who was her father;
You may conceive the rest.
Lov. I do, good madam,
And long since have consider'd it.
And 'tis my resolution, ne'er to wed
With the rich Margaret, Overreach's daughter.
Lady. Why then, my lord, pretend you marriage to her?
Lov. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That, since your husband's death, have liv'd a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
To visits and entertainments? Think you, madam,
'Tis not grown public conference; or the favours
Which you so prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Incur not censure?
Lady. I'm innocent here; and, on my life, I swear,
My ends are good.
Lov. So, on my soul, are mine

To Margaret:
And, since this friendly privacy does serve
As a fair offer'd means unto ourselves
To search each other further,—you having shown
Your care of me, I, my respect to you,—
Deny me not, I dare not yet say more,
An afternoon's discourse.

Lady. Affected coyness might deny your suit;
But, such your honour, frankness shall become me,
And bid my tongue avow my honest heart:
I shall attend your lordshi[redacted]

Lov. My heart thanks you.

[*Exeunt Lovell,* R. H. *Lady Allworth through* M. D.

SCENE II.—*A Village.*

Enter FROTH, *and* TAPWELL, *from the house,* U. E. L. H.

Tap. Undone, undone! This was your counsel, Froth.

Froth. Mine! I defy thee: did not master Marall,—
He has mar'd all, I am sure,—strictly command us,
On pain of Sir Giles Overreach's displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

Tap. 'Tis true:
But now, he's his uncle's darling; and has got
Master Justice Greedy, since he fill'd his belly,
At his commandment to do any thing.
Wo, wo to us!

Froth. He may prove merciful.

Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.

Froth. Then, he knows all the passages of our house;
As the receiving of stolen goods, and so forth.
When he was rogue Wellborn, no man would believe him;
And then his information could not hurt us:
But, now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony?

Tap. Undone, undone! Methinks
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart;

And my hand hissing,
If I 'scape the halter, with the letter R
Printed upon it.
Froth. Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days' wonder. As for credit,
We've none to lose; but we shall lose his custom:
There's the devil on't.
Tap. He has summon'd all his creditors by the drum;
'Tis said, he has found such a new way
To pay his old debts, as, 'tis very likely,
He shall be chronicled for it.
Froth. But are you sure his worship
Comes this way to my lady's?—[*drum,—and cry without,* L. H.—*Brave master Wellborn!*]
Tap. Hark, I hear him.
Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace. [*drum,—and cry again*

Enter GREEDY, WELLBORN *in a rich habit,* MARALL, *—Vintner, Tailor, with other Creditors,*—ORDER, FURNACE, *and* AMBLE, L. H. U. E.—TAPWELL *and* FROTH, *kneeling, deliver a petition.*

Well. How's this? petition'd too!
But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,
Can work upon these rascals. I shall be,
I think, Prince Wellborn.
Mar. When your worship's married,
You may be—I know; what I hope to see you.
Well. Then look thou for advancement.
Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.
Well. And thou shalt hit it.
Mar. Pray you, sir, despatch
These needy followers: and for my admittance,
[*Tapwell and Froth flattering Justice Greedy,* R. H.
Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.

Well. Fear not Sir Giles.

Gree. [*advancing, Tap. and Froth on his* R. H.] Who? Tapwell—I remember! thy wife brought me,
Last new year's tide, a couple of fat turkies.

Tap. And shall do, every Christmas, let your worship
But stand my friend now.

Gree. How! with master Wellborn?
I can do any thing with him, on such terms.—
See you this honest couple? [*to Well.*] They're good souls
As ever drew out spigot. Have they not
A pair of honest faces?

Well. I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promis'd. You are cozen'd in 'em;
For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,
For a base quean and thief, have worst deserv'd me;
And therefore speak not for them. By your place,
You're rather to do me justice.—Lend me your ear:—
Forget his turkies, and call in his license,
And every season I will send you venison,
To feast a mayor and corporation.

Gree. I'm chang'd o' the sudden in my opinion. Mum.—
Come near; [*to Tap. and Froth*] nearer, rascal!
And, now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an arch knave? his very countenance,
Should an understanding Judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, though he were innocent.

Tap. and Froth. Worshipful sir,—

Gree. No; though the great Turk came, instead of turkies,
To beg my favour, I'm inexorable.
Thou'st an ill name: I here do damn thy license,
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For instantly I will in my own person,
Command the constable to pull down thy sign,

And do't before I eat.
Froth. No mercy?
Gree. Vanish!—
If I show any, may my promis'd venison choke me!
Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.
[*Exeunt Tapwell and Froth into the house*, L. H.
Well. On, master Greedy: I'll be with you at dinner.
Gree. For heaven's sake, don't stay long;
'Tis almost ready. [*Exit Greedy*, R. H.
Well. Speak: what are you?
Vint. A decay'd vintner, sir,
That might have thriv'd, but that your worship broke me,
With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,
And five-pound suppers, with your after-drinkings,
When you lodg'd upon the Bankside.
Well. I remember.
Vint. I've not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you;
And therefore, sir,—
Well. Thou art an honest fellow:
I'll set thee up again: [*to Mar.*]—see his bill paid.—
What are you?
Tai. A tailor once, but now mere botcher.
I long time gave you credit for rich clothes:
But, you failing in payment,
I was remov'd from the shop-board, and confin'd
Under a stall.
Well. See him paid:—[*to Mar.*]—and botch no more.—
Tai. I ask no interest, sir.
Well. Such tailors need not;
If their bills are paid in one and twenty years,
They're seldom losers.—See these men discharg'd.
[*Marall settles with the creditors*
And, since old debts are clear'd by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me:
There's something for you all.
[*gives money to all the servants*

All the Creditors. Brave master Wellborn!
[*Exeunt, creditors severally,* L. H. U. E. *who shout; and drum beats.*
Well. Leave me, good friends: attend upon your lady.
[*Exeunt Amble, Furnace, and Order,* L. H. U. E.
Now, master Marall, what's the weighty secret
You promis'd to impart?
Mar. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance;
This only, in a word:—I know, Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For all the money which he now has lent you;
This you must not consent to:
As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say, he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land:
I'd a hand in't, I speak it to my shame,
When you were defeated of it.
Well. That's forgiven.
Mar. I shall deserve it:—Then urge him to produce
The deed in which you pass'd it over to him;
Which, I know, he'll have about him, to deliver
To the Lord Lovell.—I'll instruct you further,
As I wait on your worship. If I play not my prize
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marall.
Well. I rely upon thee. [*Exeunt,* R. H.

SCENE III.—*A Room in* SIR GILES' *House.—Table, chairs, pen, ink and paper.*

Enter MARGARET, *with a Letter in her Hand, and* ALLWORTH, R. H.

Allw. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequall'd temperance, or your constant sweetness,
I yet rest doubtful.
Marg. Give it to Lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which

My vows, in that high office register'd,
Are faithful witnesses.
Allw. 'Tis true, my dearest;
Yet,—when I call to mind how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths and oaths,
To fill the arms of greatness;
While you, with matchless virtue, thus hold out,
Spurning at honour, when it comes to court you,—
I am so tender of your good, that faintly
I wish myself that right; you're pleas'd to do me.
Marg. To me what's title, when content is wanting?
Or the smooth brow, and wealth,
Of a pleas'd sire that slaves me to his will;—
And, so his vain ambition may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election?
Allw. But the dangers
That follow the repulse,—
Marg. To me they're nothing:
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst,—that, in his rage, he kill me,—
A tear or two, by you dropt on my hearse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours;
I then shall rest in peace.
Allw. Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me!
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Show so much rigour. But since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between 'em.
Marg. Lord Lovell is our friend;
And, though but a young actor, second me
In doing to the life what he has plotted.

Enter SIR GILES, R. H. S. E.

The end may yet prove happy.—[*aside*]—Now, my Allworth.

Allw. [*aside*] To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

Marg. I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title:
And, when with terms not taking from his honour
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him;
But, in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
To fix a time and place, without my knowledge,
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship will deceive him. [*crosses to* R. H.

Allw. I hope better, good lady.

Marg. Hope, sir, what you please; for me,
I must take a safe and secure course: I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my favour,
I can grant nothing [*crosses to* L. H.

Sir G. [*aside, near the centre*] I like this obedience:
But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embrac'd.—[*Sir G. advances to centre*]
Sweet master Allworth,
You show yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord: he has a jewel of you.
How! frowning, Meg? Are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord? What's this? give me it.

Marg. A piece of arrogant paper! [*Sir Giles reads.*

> Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys
> That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys;
> Therefore this instant, and in private meet
> A husband that will gladly at your feet
> Lay down his honours, tendering them to you
> With all content, the church being paid her due.

Sir G. Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!
Will you still be one? I' the name of madness, what
Could his good honour write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wish'd, after these two
That are already offer'd? Marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after:—What would you more?

Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter;
Not hurried away i' the night I know not whither,
Without all ceremony; no friends invited,
To honour the solemnity.
Allw. An't please your honour,
For so before to-morrow I must style you,
My lord desires this privacy, in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done, brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet, he stands resolv'd, with all due pomp
To have his marriage at court celebrated,
When he has brought your honour up to London.
Sir G. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion on my knowledge:
Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,
Must put it off, forsooth!
Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.
Sir G. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? Since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold: 'twill serve this night's expense; to-morrow
I'll furnish him with any sums.
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is benefic'd
At my manor of Got'em, and call'd Parson Willdo:
'Tis no matter for a license; I'll bear him out in't.
Marg. With your favour, sir,—what warrant is your ring?
He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and, then to be refus'd
Were such a stain upon me!—If you pleas'd, sir,
Your presence would do better.
Sir G. Still perverse!
I say again I will not cross my lord:

Yet I'll prevent you too.—Paper and ink there.
Allw. Sir, 'tis ready here.
Sir G. I thank you.—I can write then to my chaplain.— [*Sir Giles sits down and writes.*
Allw. Sir, sir,—
You may, if you please, leave out the name of my lord,
In respect he would be private, and only write,—
Marry her to this gentleman.
Sir G. Well advis'd—
'Tis done.—Away!—
[*gives Allworth the paper,—Margaret kneels.*
My blessing? Girl, thou hast it:
Nay, no reply.—Begone, good master Allworth:—
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.
Allw. I hope so, sir.
[*Exeunt Margaret and Allworth,* L. H.
Sir G. Now all's cock-sure.—
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter?—
My ends, my ends are compass'd!—Then, for Wellborn
And the lands,—were he once married to the widow,—
I have him here.—I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy; nay, joy all over! [*Exit* R. H.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT [illegible]

SCENE I.—*The Hall in* LADY ALLWORTH'S *House.*—*Screen on* R. H. *sofa and table* L. H.

Enter LOVELL, *and* LADY ALLWORTH, R. H.

Lady. By this you know how strong the motives were,
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little with my gravity, to advance
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Lov. What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnish'd for fair employment;
But all the arts that I have us'd, to raise
The fortunes of your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition: though I hope well;
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant
Than their years can promise.
Lady. Though my wishes
Are with yours, my lord: yet give me leave to fear
The building, though well-grounded. To deceive
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings, were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.
Lov. Despair not, madam:
Hard things are compass'd oft by easy means.
The cunning statesman, that believes, he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.
Lady. May he be so!—
The young ones have my warmest wishes with them.
Lov. O, gentle lady, prove as kind to me!
You've deign'd to hear, now grant my honest suit:
And, if you may be won to make me happy,
But join your hand to mine, and that shall be

A solemn contract.
Lady. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it; yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.
Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!
Lady. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt.—

Enter WELLBORN, L. H.

You're welcome, sir:
Now you look like yourself [*crosses to Wellborn*
Well. And will continue
Such, in my free acknowledgment that I am
Your creature, madam,—and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it.
Lov. It is a thankfulness that well becomes you.
Lady. For me, I am happy,
That my endeavours prosper'd.—Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?
Well. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marall. He's grown into strange passions
About his daughter: this last night, he look'd for
Your lordship at his home; but, missing you,
And Margaret not appearing, he is coming
To seek her here at Lady Allworth's house.
His wise head is much perplex'd and troubled.
Lov. I hope my project took.
Lady. I strongly hope it.
[*Sir Giles and Marall without,* L. H.
Sir G. [*without*] Ha! find my daughter, thou huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out else.
Well. May it please your lordship, [*crosses to Lov.*
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not out of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport.

Lov. You shall direct me.

[*Exit Lovell behind screen and off.*

Sir G. [*without*] Ideot! booby! booby!

Mar. [*without*] O, O, O,—

Sir G. [*without*] I shall sol-fa you, rogue!

Mar. [*without*] Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

Enter SIR GILES *with distracted looks, driving in* MARALL *before him,* L. H.

Sir G. Cause, slave? Why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing:
Let but the seal be broke upon the box
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.

Mar. [*aside*] I may yet cry quittance:
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist.

Sir G. Lady, by your leave: did you see my daughter, lady?
And the lord her husband? Are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid 'em joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See you, on her left hand, bending down low,
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.

Lady. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the meantime,
I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.

Sir G. When you once see her
Led and supported by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better. [*crosses to Wellborn*]—Nephew,—

Well. Well?

Sir G. No more!

Well. 'Tis all I owe you.

Sir G. Have your redeem'd rags

Made you thus insolent?
Well. Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir, pray, unless in years,
More than myself?
Sir G. His fortune swells him;—
'Tis rank,—he's married. [*crosses to* L. H.
Lady. [*aside*] This is excellent!
Sir G. Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
[*crosses to centre, Lady Allworth on* L. H.
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buz
Of a stolen marriage,—do you hear?—of a stolen marriage;
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozen'd;
I name no parties.
Well. Well, sir, and what follows?
[*Lady Allworth turns away.*
Sir G. Marry this, since you are so peremptory: remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
Some certain monies; put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragg'd in your lavender robes to the jail; you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.
Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, *Now he's in*
The way to rise? Was this the courtesy
You did me, *in pure love, and no ends else?*
Sir G. End me no ends! Engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it; you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger,
And revel in drunken taverns.
Well. And beg after—
Mean you not so?
Sir G. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?
Well. No, indeed, you shall not:

Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment.—
Your great looks fright not me.
Sir G. But my deeds shall.— [*they both draw*
Lady. Help, murder! murder!

Enter AMBLE, WATCHALL *and* ORDER, *with drawn swords,* R. H. S. E.

Sir G. Outbrav'd!
Well. Let him come on,
Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guard him,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.
Sir G. That I had thee
But single in the field!
Lady. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.
Sir G. Where't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't.
[*Lady Allworth turns away*
Mar. [*to Wellborn*] Now, put him to
The showing of the deed.
Well. This rage is vain, sir:
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full
Upon the least incitement; and,—whereas
You charge me with a debt of monies to you,—
If there be law, howe'er you have no conscience,
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.
Sir G. I in thy debt? O impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land
That had continued in Wellborn's name

Enter two of SIR GILES' *servants with a box,* L. H.

Twenty descents, which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of?—O, you're come at last.—
Is not here inclos'd

The deed that does confirm it mine?
Mar. Now, now.— [*Lady Allworth advances*
Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd o'er
Any such land; I grant for a year or two,
You had it in trust; which if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law;
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.
Lady. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.
Sir G. Good, good! Conspire
With your new husband, lady: second him
In his dishonest practices: But when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in a humbler key, and sue for favour.
Lady. Never; do not hope it.
Well. Let despair first seize me.
Sir G. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
Thy ears to the pillory,—
[*Sir Giles unlocks the box, and takes out the deed.*
See!—here's that will make
My interest clear.——Ha!
Lady. A fair skin of parchment!
Well. Indented, I confess, and lables too;
But neither wax, nor words. How? thunder-struck!
Is this your precious evidence? this, that makes
Your interest clear?
Sir G. I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath raz'd out the inscription? the wax
Turn'd into dust!—
Do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in a hempen circle; yes there is;—

And, now 'tis better thought, for, cheater, know,
This juggling shall not save you.
Well. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.
[*retires with Lady Allworth up the stage.*
Sir. G. Marall,—Marall,—Marall!
Mar. Sir?
Sir G. Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony
Help with an oath or two; and, for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know, thou wilt swear any thing, to dash
This cunning sleight;
The deed being drawn too
By thee, my careful Marall, and deliver'd
When thou wast present, will make good my title:—
Wilt thou not swear this?
Mar. I!—No, I assure you.—
[*Marall runs away to* R. H. *pursued by Sir Giles, but the servants oppose his passage with drawn swords.*]
I have a conscience, not sear'd up like yours;
I know no deeds.
Sir G. Wilt thou betray me? [*drawing his sword*
Mar. Keep him [*Wellborn opposes him*
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.
Sir G. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!
Mar. Yes, and uncase you too.
The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
Your drudge can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride; and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls you think defend you.
Sir G. O, that I had thee in my gripe! I'd tear thee
Joint after joint.
Mar. I know you are a tearer;
But I'll have first your fangs par'd off, and then

Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,
And made it good before the judge, what ways,
And devilish practices, you us'd to cozen with.
Well. All will come out.
Sir G. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel, in vain, to die;
These swords that keep thee from me, should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:
There will be a time and place, there will be, coward,
When you shall feel what I dare do.
Well. I think so:
You dare do any ill: yet want true valour,
To be honest, and repent.
Sir G. They're words I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,
Shall find no harbour here.
After these storms,
At length a calm appears.—My chaplain comes.—

Enter PARSON WILLDO, *with a Letter in his hand,* L. H.

[*Lovell appears behind screen.*

Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks!—Is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? Say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.
Will. Married? Yes, I assure you.
Sir G. Then vanish all sad thoughts!
My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.
Now, you that plot against me,
And hop'd to trip my heels up, that contemn'd me,
Think on't and tremble. [*music* L. H.

Enter LOVELL *behind,* R. H. U. E.

They come!—I hear the music.—
A lane there for my lord:—

Well. This sudden heat
May yet be cool'd, sir.
Sir G. Make way there for my lady and my lord.
[*music*

Enter two servants of SIR GILES, MARGARET *and* ALLWORTH, L. H.

Marg. [*kneels*] Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I've made.—
Not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.
Sir G. How!
Allw. So, I assure you: all the rites of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past:
And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.
Sir G. Devil!—Are they married?
Will. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give 'em joy!
Sir G. Confusion and ruin! Speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead. [*crosses* L. H. *seizes Willdo*
Will. They're married.
Sir G. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these.——My brain turns!
Will. Why this rage to me?—
Is not this your letter, sir? and these the words,—
Marry her to this gentleman?
Sir G. It cannot; [*crosses to* L. H. *of Willdo*
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not,
That I, who never left a print
Where I have trod, for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children!
Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated, and made void.
Well. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle. [*Willdo retires,* L. H.

Sir G. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable; but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.
[*offers to kill Margaret—Allworth and Margaret cross behind to* R. H.]
Lov. [*stopping him*] Hold, for your own sake!
If charity to your daughter have quite left you;
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider, at the best you're but a man;
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be cross'd.
Sir G. Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,—
And as thou art a soldier,—if thy valour
Dares show itself where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.
Lov. I am ready.
Lady. [*on the* R. H. *of Lovell*] Stay, sir:
Contest with one distracted?
Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.
Sir G. Are you pale?
Borrow their helps; though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand 'gainst all, as I am, hemm'd in thus.—
Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lin'd through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge 'em?
No: I'll through the battalia, and, that routed,
I'll fall to execution.—
[*crosses to centre—attempts to draw his sword*
Ha! I'm feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of 't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn.—
Ha! what are these? Sure, hangmen

That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat.—Now, they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? No; spite of fate,
I will be forc'd to hell like to myself;
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.——
[*He rushes madly towards his daughter, and falls senseless; the servants raise him up, and carry him off*, L. H.]

Well. What arts didst use to rase out the conveyance?

Mar. Certain minerals,
Incorporated in the ink and wax.
Besides he gave me nothing; but still fed me
With hopes and blows.
If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caus'd me
To urge you or to hang, or drown, yourself:
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Well. You are a rascal; and he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will very hardly
Be true to any other. Begone. [*Exit Marall*, R. H.
[*Allworth and Margaret advance.*]

Marg. O, my poor father!

Allw. Nay, weep not, dearest;—though it show your piety,
What is decreed by heaven, we cannot alter.

Lov. And heaven here gives a precedent to teach us,
That, when men leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them.—Pray you, take comfort; [*to Margaret*
I will endeavour, you shall be his guardians
In his distractions;—And for your land, Wellborn,
I'll be an umpire
Between you and this the undoubted heir
Of Sir Giles Overreach:—For me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on. [*to Lady Allworth*

Well. Nothing then [*to the audience*
Now wants but your allowance;—and in that
Our all is comprehended; which if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's, and our labours, as you may;
For we despair not gentlemen, of the play:—
You may expect, the grace you show to-night,
Will teach us how to act, our poets how to write.

Disposition of characters when the curtain falls.

R. H. CURTAIN. L. H.

A New Way To Pay Old Debts.

James L. Carhart.

D

No. XXXIII.

MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF "VELASCO, A TRAGEDY," &c.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY PHILIP MASSINGER.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

DOUGLAS, 11 SPRUCE ST., PUB

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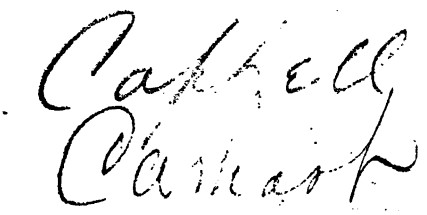


EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

According to the most reliable information, this celebrated comedy was originally produced on the stage some time between the years 1622 and 1633. The author of the "Companion to the Playhouse" terms it "one of the best of the old comedies," and, in his opinion, "the very best of Massinger's writing." It was extremely well received on its first appearance, and, as we learn from an introduction contained in the old quarto edition, was "often acted at the Phœnix in Drury Lane."

Its ancient popularity has been fully revived during the last half century by Henderson, Kemble, Cooke, Kean, and Booth—the last named actor being now the most distinguished living representative of the character of *Sir Giles Overreach*. We regard the play as one of the best of the productions of the dramatists of the age of Elizabeth—superior in a dramatic point of view, and its adaptation to the stage, to all that we have from Beaumont and Fletcher, and to many of the acting pieces of Shakspeare. The plot is interesting, and developed with a due regard to unity and simplicity; the comic action being intermingled with the serious and passionate in a manner consummately skilful, and productive of the most dramatic effects. The language combines, with the sweetness and dignity of musical versification, a certain pliable colloquial ease and grace, which makes it the most appropriate that could be devised for the speaker and the occasion. Massinger is said to have been a remarkably fluent writer; and his language bears few marks of stiffness and labor, although his nice sense of metrical harmony always gives it the charm of harmonious combination.

Of the characters of this piece, those of *Sir Giles* and *Marrall* are the most memorable and impressive that have been drawn by any dramatist. We know of nothing to equal the intensity of well-wrought passion displayed by the former, if we except the curse of *Lear*, and the jealous frenzy of *Othello*. There is an earnestness in the delineation of *Sir Giles*, which almost suggests the imputation of a deep personal hostility towards him on the part of the author; and it has been proved that the character was intended to represent that of a real person—one Sir Giles Mompesson, a notorious usurer of the day, who was expelled the kingdom for his misdeeds. *Justice Greedy* is also a real portrait.

It is not always that to external view vice receives its punishment in

this world; but, in the long run, knavery is undoubtedly the worst policy, and an absence of religious restraint leads to the infatuation of the most subtle and capable men. This fact is beautifully impressed by Massinger in the masterly portraiture of *Overreach*, who is held out as

> "a precedent to teach wicked men
> That when they leave religion and turn atheists,
> Their own abilities leave them."

It has been objected to this play, that *Margaret*, who is otherwise recommended to our sympathies by the most charming feminine traits, should be concerned in the plot for deceiving her father; but the author questioned nature on this point, and her answer decided him in his course. How improbable that the daughter of a man so reckless and unyielding as *Sir Giles*, would have been withheld by any squeamish considerations of the obligation of filial candour and duty, where her affections for her lover were likely to be thwarted! We do not vindicate her disingenuousness; but we doubt if the best men would not at the crisis feel themselves authorised to use the devil's weapons in outwitting the devil. A simple-minded girl, shrinking beneath the insupportable violence of such a tyrant, resorts as naturally to craft for her escape, as the ground-bird does, who would mislead the trampling school-boy as to the position of her nest.

In 1816, the late Edmund Kean produced a great sensation at Drury Lane Theatre in the part of *Sir Giles*. The exulting exclamation of the actor to his wife, on returning home from the performance, was,—"The pit rose at me." He made as decided an impression on his fellow-performers as on the audience; insomuch that a subscription was raised in the the green-room to present him a silver cup. When Munden—whose *Marrall* was so masterly a performance, that Dowton declared that the cup should have been given to him—was applied to for a contribution on the occasion, he replied, buttoning up his pocket, in his peculiar manner: "You may *cup* Mr. Kean, but you don't *bleed* me."

From contemporary critics, we learn that Kean played the first part of the character with a mixture of gloom and vulgarity that was admirably characteristic. "The last act," says one of them, "is without doubt the most terrific exhibition of human passion that has been witnessed on the modern stage. When his plans are frustrated, and plots laid open, all the restraints of society are thrown aside at once, and a torrent of hatred and revenge bursts from his breaking heart like water from a cleft rock, or like a raging and devouring fire, that while it consumes the body and soul on which it feeds, darts forth its tongues of flame in all directions, threatening destruction to every thing within its reach. The whole of the last act exhibits a vehemence and rapidity both of conception and execution, that perhaps cannot be surpassed."

Of this terrific conclusion, Kean's biographer says: "It threw ladies in the side-boxes into hysterics, and Lord Byron himself into a convulsion fit. One veteran actress was so overpowered by the last speech of *Sir Giles*, that she absolutely fainted on the stage."

Mr. Booth's impersonation of the part is powerful and consistently sustained. From his first entrance upon the stage, you see that he has fully identified himself with the character. None of his effects are produced by the mechanical tricks of the inferior artist. The beauty of the performance is in the perfect cohesion of all its parts. You are never roused from the delusion that it is *Overreach* who is moving and speaking before you. In look, tone, and gesture, the "bold, bad man," is always present. Mr. Booth has been called an imitator of Kean. If this be so, he is an imitator whose competition Kean, in his palmiest days, did not neglect to remove. This he did by a piece of *finesse*, in which Booth, by yielding to the temptation of a higher salary, and breaking with the management of the rival theatre, was effectually *shelved* in London.

Philip Massinger, the author of this, and thirty-seven other dramatic pieces, of which more than half have perished, was born in 1584, probably at Wilton, the seat of the Earl in the neighborhood of Salisbury, England. In 1602, he was sent to Oxford for his education, where he remained four years. We have nothing, however, which we may attribute with certainty to his pen before 1692, when he was fast approaching his fortieth year. He is supposed to have written plays in conjunction with Fletcher, and other dramatists, previously to that period. His life seems to have been a peculiarly wretched one. He is supposed to have written about two pieces a-year, from which his income, supposing both to be successful, could not exceed 54*l.* a year. In his "Maid of Honour," he thanks two gentlemen of rank, to whom he dedicates it, for their patronage of him and his "despised studies," and declares, that but for their "frequent courtesies and favors" he could not possibly have subsisted. "In this precarious state of dependence," says Gifford, "passed the life of a man, who is charged with no want of industry, suspected of no extravagance, and whose works were at that very period the boast and delight of the stage."

Although tainted with the indelicacy of the times, when female characters were represented by males on the stage, the writings of Massinger show that the man had an innate reverence for what is true and good. He does not apologize for guilt of any kind. He acknowledges no divine right in the person of a king, though he may respect the dignity. He never indulges in a sneer at religion or its ministers. Of the worth and immortality of the soul, he seems to have had a deep and abiding sense. As a dramatic artist, we think him superior to all the writers of his day, with the one great exception of Shakspeare.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Drury Lane, 1816.	*Park*, 1843.
Lord Lovell	Mr. Holland.	Mr. Lovell.
Sir Giles Overreach	" Kean.	" Booth.
Wellborn	" Harley.	" Barry.
Marrall	" Munden.	" Fisher.
Allworth	" S. Penley.	" E. Shaw.
Justice Greedy	" Oxberry.	" Placide.
Tapwell	" Wewitzer.	" Bellamy.
Amble	" Minton.	" Povey.
Willdo	" Carr.	" Crocker.
Order	" Hughes.	" Freeland.
Furnace	" Penley.	" Gallot.
Watchall	" Maddocks.	" King.
Vintner	" Cooke.	" Smith.
Tailor	" Coveney.	" Dennison.
Lady Allworth	Mrs. Glover.	Mrs. Barry.
Froth	Miss Tidswell.	Mrs. Lovell.
Margaret	Mrs. Horn.	Miss Buloid.
Tabitha	Mrs. Chatterley.	
Abigail	Mrs. Scott.	

COSTUMES.

SIR GILES.—Puce-coloured velvet jacket, trunks, belt, and cloak, with orange silk puffs, the dress trimmed with orange-coloured silk, lace, and gilt buttons, puce silk hose, the same colour as the dress, with gold embroidered clocks, square-toed drab shoes and jewel buckles, with orange satin roses over them, broad Brussels point lace vandyke with two tassels, round crown brown hat, with orange puffs and feathers of the same colour.

LORD LOVELL.—Scarlet cloth jacket, trunks, belt, and mantle, trimmed with orange silk lace, and yellow plated buttons, russet boots with red tops, black velvet hat and blue silk band, with black, white, and red feathers, ruff, buff gloves with high tops, and white stocking pantaloons.

WELLBORN.—*First dress:* Brown ragged jacket and breeches, pair of blue hose, russet boots, and black hat. *Second dress:* Blue and silver jacket and pantaloons, trimmed with silk cord, plated buttons, and green vest trimmed with buff, buff hat and white feathers, ruff, russet boots, buff gloves, with high tops.

ALLWORTH.—Light mixture kerseymere jacket and trunks trimmed with pink galloon, white silk pantaloons, pink satin vest, trimmed with scarlet and black, plated buttons, russet boots with scarlet tops, hat, kerseymere mixture, with white feathers, lace ruff, and buff gloves with high tops.

MARRALL.—Black old English dress, tagged black shoes, black hose, black hat and cock's-tail feather.

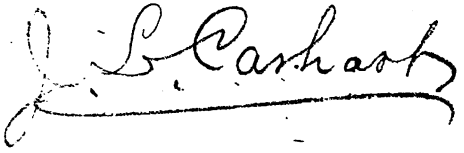
JUSTICE GREEDY.—Black kerseymere jacket, puffed with crimson silk, trunks and cloak trimmed with crimson satin, and black glass buttons, white square-toed shoes, gloves with high tops, and vandyke, black sugar-loaf hat with crimson band black hose with embroidered clocks.

LADY ALLWORTH.—*First dress:* Green velvet train dress bordered with white satin and gold, and point-lace, long sleeves, slashed and trimmed to correspond, high ruff, stomacher of point, black velvet hat, white feathers, and tassels. *Second dress:* White satin train dress, with long sleeves, richly embroidered with gold, robe of white and gold, high ruff, jewel stomacher and cross, white satin hat and feathers.

MARGARET.—White satin dress, the sleeves and front of the petticoat ornamented with jewels, ruff, and white satin shoes.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* M. D. *Middle Door.*



A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Village.*

WELLBORN *discovered, with a large rough stick, in tattered apparel, knocking at the Alehouse door,* L. S. E. TAPWELL *and* FROTH *come from the House.*

Well. [*Goes to* R.] No credit, nor no liquor?
Tap. (C.) Not a suck, sir:
Nor the remainder of a single can,
Left by a drunken porter.
Froth. (L.) Not the dropping of the tap for your morning's draught, sir:
'Tis verity, I assure you.
Well. Verity, you brache! [*Crosses,* C.
The devil turned precisian? Rogue, what am I?
Tap. (R.) Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-glass,
To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,
And take the name yourself.
Well. (C.) How? dog! [*Raising his cudgel.*
Tap. Advance your Plymouth cloak,*
There dwells, and within call, if it please your worship,
A potent monarch, called the constable,
That does command a citadel, called the stocks;
Whose guards are certain files of rusty billmen,
Such as with great dexterity will hale
Your threadbare, tattered—
Well. Rascal! slave!
Froth. No rage, sir.
Tap. At his own peril! Do not put yourself

* A slang phrase of the time, meaning a staff.

In too much heat, there being no water near
To quench your thirst; and other drink, I take it,
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.
Well. Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou talk thus?
Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?
Tap. I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell
Does keep no other register.
Well. Am not I he
Whose riots fed and clothed thee? Wert thou not
Born on my father's land, and proud to be
A drudge in his house?
Tap. What I was, sir, it skills not;
What you are, is apparent: but, since you
Talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father
Old Sir John Wellborn,
My quondam master, was a man of worship;
Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great house,
Relieved the poor, and so forth; but, he dying,
And his estate coming to you,
Late Master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn—
Well. Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.
Froth. Very hardly;
You cannot out of your way.
Tap. You were then a lord of acres, the prime gallant,
And I your under butler.
You had a merry time of't; hawks and hounds,
With choice of running horses: mistresses,
And other such extravagances: which
Your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,
Resolving not to lose the opportunity,
On statutes, mortgages, and binding bonds,
Awhile supplied your folly, and, having got
Your land, then left you.
Well. Some curate hath penned this invective, mongrel,
And you have studied it.
Tap. I've not done yet;
Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,
You grew the common borrower; no man 'scaped you;
Where* poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,

* *Where* has the meaning of *whereas* in this place.

Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here—
Well. Hear me, ungrateful hell-hound! Did not I
Make purses for you? Then you licked my boots,
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean 'em.
'Twas I, that, when I heard thee swear if ever
Thou could'st arrive at forty pounds, thou would'st
Live like an emperor, 'twas I that gave it
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!
Tap. I must, sir!
For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,
If they grew poor, like you.
Well. They're well rewarded,
That beggar themselves to make such rascals rich.
Thou viper, thankless viper!
But, since you're grown forgetful, I will help
Your memory, and tread you into mortar;
Not leave one bone unbroken. [*Beats him over to* L.
Tap. Oh! Oh! Oh!
Froth. Help, help!—

Enter ALLWORTH, R.

All. Hold, for my sake, hold! [*Catches Wellborn's arm.*
Deny me, Frank? They are not worth your anger.
Well. For once, thou hast redeemed them from this sceptre. [*Shaking his cudgel.*
But let 'em vanish;—
Nay, if you grumble, I revoke my pardon.
[*Wellborn and Allworth talk apart.*
Froth. This comes of your prating, husband.
Tap. Patience, Froth;
There's law to cure our bruises.
[*Exeunt Tapwell and Froth into the Alehouse,* L. S. E.
Well. (L.) Sent to your mother?
All. (R.) My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!
She's such a mourner for my father's death,
And, in her love to him, so favours me,
I cannot pay too much observance to her;
There are few such stepdames.
Well. 'Tis a noble widow,

And keeps her reputation pure and clear.
But, 'pr'ythee, tell me,
Has she no suitors?
All. (a.) E'en the best of the shire, Frank,
My lord excepted: such as sue and send
And send and sue again: but to no purpose.
Their frequent visits have not gained her presence;
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,
That I dare undertake, you shall meet from her
A liberal entertainment.
Well. (a.) I doubt it not. Now, Allworth, listen to me,
And mark my counsel: I am bound to give it.
Thy father was my friend; and that affection
I bore to him, in right descends to thee:
I will not have the least affront stick on thee,
If I with any danger can prevent it.
All. I thank your noble care: but, pray you, in what
Do I run the hazard?
Well. Art thou not in love?
Put it not off with wonder.
All. In love?
Well. You think you walk in clouds, but are transparent.
I've heard all, and the choice that you have made;
And, with my finger, can point out the north star
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;
And, to confirm this true, what think you of
Fair Margaret, the only child and heir
Of cormorant Overreach? Dost blush and start
To hear her only named? Blush at your want
Of wit and reason.
All. Howe'er you have discovered my intents,
You know my aims are lawful; and, if ever
The queen of flowers, the boast of spring, the rose,
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer
There's such disparity in their conditions,
Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,
And the base churl, her father.
Well. Grant this true,
As I believe it, cans't thou ever hope
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father
Ruined thy state?

All. And yours, too.

Well. I confess it, Allworth.
Or cans't thou think, if self-love blind thee not,
That Sir Giles Overreach, who, to make her great
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience
Will cut his neighbour's throat—and, I hope, his own too—
Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,
And prosper in it.

All. You have well advised me.
But, in the mean time, you, that are so studious
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own.
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

Well. No matter, no matter. [*Crosses*, R.

All. (L. C.) Yes, 'tis much material:
You know my fortune, and my means; yet something
I can spare from myself to help your wants.
[*Offers him money.*

Well. (R. C.) How's this?

All. Nay, be not angry.

Well. Money from thee?
From a boy? one that lives
At the devotion of a stepmother,
And the uncertain favour of a lord?
I'll eat my arms first. Howsoe'er blind Fortune
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me,
Though I am rudely thrust out of an alehouse,
And thus accoutred—know not where to eat,
Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy—
Although I thank thee, I disdain thy offer.
No—as I, in my madness, broke my state,
Without th' assistance of another's brain,
In my right wits, I'll piece it; at the worst,
Die thus, and be forgotten.

All. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt, Allworth*, L., *Wellborn*, R.

SCENE II.—*A Hall in Lady Allworth's House.—Table and four chairs.*

AMBLY, ORDER, FURNACE, *and* WATCHALL *discovered in a line across the Stage.*

Ord. (C.) Set all things right; or, as my name is Order,

And by this staff of office, that commands you,
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,
Whoever misses in his function,
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his breakfast,
And privilege in the wine-cellar.
Wat. (L.) You are merry,
Good master Steward.
Fur. (L. C.) Let him; I'll be angry.
Amb. Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve o'clock yet,
Nor dinner taken up; then, 'tis allowed,
Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.
Fur. You think you've spoken wisely, goodman Amble,
My lady's go-before.
Ord. Nay, nay, no wrangling.
Fur. Twit me with the authority of the kitchen!
At all hours, and all places, I'll be angry:
And, thus provoked, when I am at my prayers
I will be angry.
Amb. There was no hurt meant
[*Crosses to Furnace and shakes hands.*
Fur. I'm friends with thee; and yet I will be angry.
Wat. (L.) With whom?
Fur. (C.) No matter whom; yet, now I think on't,
I'm angry with my lady.
Amb. (R.) Heaven forbid, man!
Ord. What cause has she given thee?
Fur. Cause enough, master Steward.
I was entertained by her to please her palate,
And, till she forswore eating, I performed it.
Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,
Though I crack my brains to find out tempting sauces,
When I am three parts roasted,
And the fourth part parboiled, to prepare her viands,
She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,
Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.
Ord. But your art is seen in the dining-room.
Fur. By whom?
By such as pretend love to her; but come
To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies
That do devour her, I am out of charity
With none so much as the thin-gutted squire
That's stolen into commission.

Ord. Justice Greedy?
Fur. The same, the same. Meat's cast away upon him;
It never thrives. He holds this paradox:
Who eats not well, can ne'er do justice well:
His stomach's as insatiate as the grave.
[*A knocking without*, L.
Wat. One knocks. [*Exit*, L.
Ord. Our late young master!

Enter WATCHALL *and* ALLWORTH L., *saluting them.*

Wat. Welcome, sir. [*Allworth crosses to Furnace.*
Fur. You're welcome:
If you've a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.
[*Allworth crosses to Order.*
Ord. His father's picture in little. [*Crosses to Amble.*
Amb. We are all your servants.
All. At once my thanks to all. [*Crosses*, R.
This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?
Ord. Her presence answers for us. [*Retires up*, R.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, ABIGAIL, *and* TABITHA, R.

Lady A. Sort those silks well.
I'll take the air alone: [*Exeunt Tabitha and Abigail*, R.
And, as I gave directions, if this morning
I'm visited by any, entertain 'em
As heretofore: but say, in my excuse,
I'm indisposed.
Ord. We shall, madam.
Lady A. (R.) Do, and leave me.
[*Exeunt Watchall, Furnace, Order, and Amble*, L.
Nay, stay you, Allworth.—Tell me, how is't with
Your noble master?
All. (L. C.) Ever like himself:
No scruple lessened in the full weight of honour.
He did command me—pardon my presumption—
As his unworthy deputy, to kiss
Your ladyship's fair hands.
Lady A. I'm honoured in
His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose
For the Low Countries?
All. Constantly, good madam:
But will, in person, first present his service.

Lady A. And how approve you of his course? you're yet,
Like virgin parchment, capable of any
Inscription, vicious or honourable:
I will not force your will, but leave you free
To your own election.
All. Any form you please,
I will put on: but—might I make my choice—
With humble emulation, I would follow
The path my lord marks to me.
Lady A. 'Tis well answered
And I commend your spirit: your father, Allworth,
My ever-honoured husband, some few hours
Before the will of heaven took him from me,
Did recommend you by the dearest ties
Of perfect love between us, to my charge:
And, therefore, when I speak, you are bound to hear
With such respect, as if he lived in me.
All. I have found you,
Most honoured madam, more than a mother to me;
And, with my utmost strength of care and service,
Will labour that you never may repent
Your bounties showered upon me.
Lady A. I much hope it.
These were your father's words:—If e'er my son
Follow the war, tell him, it is a school
Where all the principles tending to honour
Are taught, if truly followed: but for such
As repair thither, as a place in which
They do presume they may with license practise
Their lawless riots, they shall never merit
The noble name of soldiers.
To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies;
To bear with patience the winter's cold,
And summer's scorching heat;
To dare boldly
In a fair cause; and, for their country's sake,
To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted;
These are the essential parts make up a soldier;
Not swearing, dice, or drinking.
All. There's no syllable
You speak, but is to me an oracle.

Lady A. To conclude:
Beware ill company; for, often men
Are like to those with whom they do converse;
And, from one man I warn you, and that's Wellborn:
Not 'cause he's poor—that rather claims your pity;
But that he's in his manners so depraved,
And hath in vicious courses lost himself.
'Tis true, your father loved him, while he was
Worthy the loving; but, if he had lived
To've known him as he is, he had cast him off,
As you must do. [*Noise without*, L.
Somebody comes. This way:
Follow me to my chamber: you shall have gold
To furnish you like my son, and still supplied
As I hear from you.
All. I am still bound to you. [*Exeunt*, R.

Enter ORDER, WATCHALL, SIR GILES OVERREACH, MARRALL, GREEDY, FURNACE *and* AMBLE, L.—*Marrall goes behind to* R.

Gree. (L.) Not to be seen!
Sir G. (C.) Still cloistered up! Her reason,
I hope, assures her, though she makes herself
Close prisoner ever for her husband's loss,
'Twill not recover him.
Ord. (R. C.) Sir, 'tis her will;
Which we that are her servants, ought to serve,
And not dispute: howe'er, you're nobly welcome;
And, if you please to stay, that you may think so,
There came, not six days since, from Hull, a pipe
Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself
For my lady's honour.
Gree. (L. C.) Is it of the right race?
[*Sir Giles and Marrall converse apart.*
Ord. Yes, Master Greedy.
Amb. How his mouth runs o'er!
Fur. [*Coming down*, L.] I'll make it run and run.
Save your good worship!
Gree. Honest Master Cook, thy hand; again: how I love thee!
Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.

Fur. If you've a mind to feed, there is a chine
Of beef well seasoned.
Gree. Good!
Fur. A pheasant, larded.
Gree. That I might now give thanks for't!
Fur. Besides, there came last night, from the forest of Sherwood,
The fattest stag I ever cooked.
Gree. A stag, man?
Fur. A stag, sir; part of it prepared for dinner
And baked in puff-paste.
Gree. Puff-paste, too! Sir Giles,
A ponderous chine of beef! a pheasant larded!
And red deer, too, Sir Giles, and baked in puff-paste!
All business set aside, let us give thanks here.
Sir G. [*Advancing*, C.] You know, we cannot.
Mar. (R. C.) Your worships are to sit on a commission,
And, if you fail to come, you lose the cause.
Gree. Cause me no causes; I'll prove't, for such a dinner,
We may put off a commission: you shall find it
Henrici decimo quarto.
Sir G. Fie, Master Greedy!
Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?
No more, for shame! We must forget the belly,
When we think of profit.
Gree. Well, you shall o'er-rule me.
I could e'en cry now. Do you hear, Master Cook?
Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,
And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,
Send you—a brace of three-pences.
Fur. Will you be so prodigal?
[*Greedy and Furnace converse apart*, L.
Sir G. [*To Order.*] Remember me to your lady.

Enter WELLBORN, L.

Whom have we here!
Well. You know me.
Sir G. I did once, but now will not;
Thou art no blood of mine. [*Crosses*, L., *followed by Marrall.*] Avaunt, thou beggar!
If ever thou presume to cross me more,
I'll have thee caged and whipped. [*Exit*, L.

Gree. (L.) I'll grant the warrant.
Think of pye-corner, Furnace!
[*Exeunt Greedy and Marrall,* L., *Marrall eyeing Wellborn contemptuously,—who takes a chair and sits,* C.
Wat. Will you out, sir? [*Going towards Wellborn.*
I wonder how you durst creep in.
Ord. This is rudeness,
And saucy impudence.
Amb. Cannot you stay
To be served, among your fellows, from the basket,
But you must press into the hall?
Fur. Pr'ythee, vanish
Into some outhouse, though it be the pigstye;
My scullion shall come to thee.
Well. This is rare:

Enter ALLWORTH, R.

Oh, here's Tom Allworth. Tom!
All. We must be strangers: [*Crosses,* L.
Nor would I have you seen here for a million! [*Exit,* L.
Well. Better and better:—He contemns me, too!

Enter ABIGAIL *and* TABITHA, R., *cross,* L.

Abi. [*Seeing Wellborn.*] Mercy preserve my sight!
What thing is this?
Tab. A wretched object, truly.
Let's hence, for heaven's sake, or I shall swoon.
Abi. I begin to faint already. [*Exeunt Abi. & Tab.* L.
Fur. Will you know your way, sir?
Amb. Or shall we teach it you,
By the head and shoulders?
Well. No; I will not stir:
Do you mark, I will not. [*Starts up.*] Let me see the wretch
That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,
Created only to make legs, and cringe;
To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;
That have not souls only to hope a blessing
Beyond your master's leaving—who advances?
Who shows me the way! [*Threatening them.*
All the Servants. Help, fellows, help!—Within, there!
Ord. Here comes my lady.

Enter Lady Allworth, r.

Lady A. How now? What noise is this?
Well. [*Advancing to her.*] Madam, my designs
Bear me to you.
Lady A. (r.) To me?
Well. (l.) And, though I've met with
But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,
I hope from you to receive that noble usage,
As may become the true friend of your husband,
And then I shall forget these.
Lady A. I'm amazed,
To see and hear this rudeness. Dar'st thou think,
Though sworn, that it can ever find belief
That I, who to the best men of this country
Denied my presence since my husband's death,
Can fall so low as to exchange words with thee?
Well. Scorn me not, good lady;
But, as in form you are angelical,
Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe
At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant
The blood that runs in this arm is as noble
As that which fills your veins; your swelling titles,
Your ample fortune, with your men's observance
And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;
Nor these rags, with my poverty, in me vices.
You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;—
Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more
Than in the pious sorrow you have shown
For your late noble husband.
Ord. There he touched her. [*Aside.*
Well. That husband, madam, was once in his fortune
Almost as low as I; wants, debts, and quarrels,
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought
A boast in me, though I say, I relieved him.
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword
That did on all occasions second his;
I brought him on and off with honour, lady;
And when in all men's judgments he was sunk,
And in his own hopes not to be buoyed up,
I stepped unto him, took him by the hand,
And set him upright.

Fur. Are not we base rogues,
That could forget this? [*Aside to Servants.*
Well. I confess, you made him
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,
Though he brought no wealth with him, blame you for't;
For he'd a shape, and to that shape a mind
Made up of all parts, either great or noble;
So winning a behaviour, not to be
Resisted, madam.
Lady A. 'Tis most true, he had.
Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,
Do not contemn me.
Lady A. For what's past, excuse me:
I will redeem it. [*Offers him her Pocket-book.*
Well. Madam, on no terms:
I will nor beg nor borrow sixpence of you;
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.
One only suit I make; pray give me leave.
[*Lady Allworth signs to the Servants, who retire to the top of Stage.*
I will not tire your patience with relation
Of the bad art my uncle Overreach
Still forged to strip me of my fair possessions:
Nor how he now shuts door upon my want.
Would you but vouchsafe
To your dear husband's friend—as well you may,
Your honour still let free—but such feigned grace,
As might beget opinion in Sir Giles
Of a true passion tow'rds me, you would see,
In the mere thought to prey on me again,
When all that's yours were mine, he'd turn my friend;
And, that no rub might stay my course to you,
Quit all my owings, set me trimly forth,
And furnished well with gold:—which I should use,
I trust, to your no shame, lady; but live
Ever a grateful debtor to your gentleness.
Lady A. What! nothing else?
[*Offers her Pocket-book again.*
Well. Nothing, unless you please to charge your servants,
To throw away a little respect upon me.
Lady L. All you demand is yours.

[*She beckons the Servants, who advance a little,* L.
Respect this gentleman,
As 'twere myself. Adieu, dear Master Wellborn—
Pray let me see you with your oftenest means:
I am ever bound to you. [*Going, Wellborn waiting on her.*
Well. Your honour's servant.
[*Kisses her hand.—Exit Lady Allworth,* R.
All the Servants. [*Coming up to Wellborn with bows and cringes.*] Ah, sweet sir—
Well. (L. C.) Nay, all's forgiven, all forgotten, friends:
And, for a lucky omen to my project,
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.
All the Servants. Agreed, agreed! Still merry, Master Wellborn. [*Exeunt Servants,* L.
Well. (C.) Faith, a right worthy and a liberal lady,
Who can at once so kindly meet my purposes,
And brave the flouts of censure, to redeem
Her husband's friends!—When, by this honest plot,
The world believes she means to heal my wants
With her extensive wealth, each noisy creditor
Will be struck mute; and I, thus left at large
To practise on my uncle Overreach,
May work, perhaps, the measure to redeem
My mortgaged fortune; which he stripped me of,
When headlong dissipation quelled my reason.
The fancy pleases: if the plot succeed,
'Tis a New Way to Pay Old Debts, indeed. [*Exit,* L.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

Scene I.—*The Skirts of Lady Allworth's Park.*

Enter Marrall *and* Sir Giles, R.

Sir G. He's gone, I warrant thee; this commission crushed him.
Mar. Your worship has the way on't, and ne'er miss
To squeeze these unthrifts into air: and yet

The chap-fall'n justice did his part, returning,
For your advantage, the certificate,
Against his conscience and his knowledge, too,—
With your good favour,—to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.
Sir G. (L.) 'Twas for these good ends
I made him a justice: he that bribes his belly,
Is certain to command his soul.
Mar. (R.) I wonder,
Still with your license, why, your worship, having
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,
You are not in't yourself?
Sir G. Thou art a fool;
In being out of office, I am out of danger;
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,
I might, or out of wilfulness, or error,
Run myself finely into a præmunire,
And so become a prey to the informer.
No, I'll have none on't: 'tis enough I keep
Greedy at my devotion: so he serve
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not;
Friendship is but a word. [*Crosses*, R.
Mar. (R. C.) You are all wisdom.
Sir G. I would be worldly wise; for the other wisdom,
That does prescribe us a well-governed life,
And to do right to others, as ourselves,
I value not an atom.
Mar. What course take you,—
With your good patience—to hedge in the manor
Of your neighbour, Master Frugal? As 'tis said,
He will nor sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;
And his land, lying in the midst of your many lordships,
Is a foul blemish.
Sir G. I have thought of't, Marrall,
And it shall take. [*Placing his hand on Marrall's shoulder.*]
I must have all men sellers,
And I the only purchaser.
Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.
Sir G. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his manor;
Which done, I'll make my men break ope' his fences,
Ride o'er his standing corn, and in the night
Set fire to his barns, or break his cattle's legs;

These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expenses,
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.
When I have harried him thus two or three year,
Though he sue *in forma pauperis*, in spite
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behind-hand.
Mar. The best I ever heard! I could adore you.
Sir G. Then, with the favour of my man of law,
I will pretend some title: want will force him
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell
For half the value, he shall have ready money,
And I possess his land.
Mar. 'Tis above wonder!
Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not
These fine arts, sir, to hook him in.
Sir G. Well thought on.
That varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to upbraid me
With my close cheat put upon him. Will nor cold
Nor hunger kill him?
Mar. I know not what to think on't.
I've used all means; and, the last night, I caused
His host, the tapster, to turn him out of doors;
And have been since with all your friends and tenants,
And, on the forfeit of your favour, charged them,
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him from starving,
Yet they should not relieve him. This is done, sir.
Sir G. That was something, Marrall; but thou must go further,
And suddenly, Marrall.
Mar. Where, and when you please, sir.
Sir G. I'd have thee seek him out, and, if thou can'st,
Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg.
Then, if I prove he has but robbed a hen-roost,
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.
Do anything to work him to despair,
And 'tis thy master-piece.
Mar. I'll do my best, sir.
Sir G. I'm now on my main work, with the Lord Lovell,
The gallant-minded, popular Lord Lovell,
The minion of the people's love. I hear
He's come into the country; and my aims are,

To insinuate myself into his knowledge,
And then invite him to my house.
Mar. I have you:
This points at my young mistress.
Sir G. She must part with
That humble title, and be honourable,
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable daughter,
If all I have, or e'er shall get, will do it!
I'll have her well attended; there are ladies
Of errant knights decayed, and brought so low,
That, for cast clothes and meat, will gladly serve her:
And 'tis my glory, though I come from the city,
To have their issue, whom I have undone,
To kneel to mine, as bond-slaves.
Mar. 'Tis fit state, sir.
Sir G. And therefore, I'll not have a chamber-maid
That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,
Between us and true gentry. [*Crosses*, L.

Enter WELLBORN, R.

Mar. (C.) See, who's here, sir!
Sir G. (L.) Hence, monster! prodigy!
Well. (R.) Call me what you will;—
I am your nephew, sir, your sister's son.
Sir G. Avoid my sight! thy breath's infectious, rogue!
I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.
Come hither, Marrall.—This is the time to work him.
Mar. (L.) I warrant you, sir. [*Exit Sir Giles*, L.
Well. (R. C.) By this light, I think he's mad.
Mar. (C.) Mad! had you ta'en compassion on yourself
You long since had been mad.
Well. You've ta'en a course,
Between you and my venerable uncle,
To make me so.
Mar. (R. C.) The more pale-spirited you,
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply—
Well. (L. C.) By what?
Mar. By my religion.
Well. Thy religion?

The devil's creed!—But what would you have done?
Mar. Had there been but one tree in all the shire,
Nor any hope to compass a penny halter,
Before, like you, I had outlived my fortunes,
A withe had served my turn to hang myself.
I'm zealous in your cause: pray, hang yourself,
And presently, as you love your credit.
Well. I thank you.
Mar. Will you stay till you die in a ditch?
Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,
Is there no purse to be cut? house to be broken?
Or market woman with eggs, that you may murder,
And so dispatch the business?
Well. Here's variety,
I must confess; but I'll accept of none
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.
Mar. Why, have you hope ever to eat again,
Or drink? or be the master of three farthings?
If you like not hanging, drown yourself; take some course
For your reputation.
Well. 'Twill not do, dear tempter,
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.
I am as far as thou art from despair;
Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,
To live, and suddenly, better than ever.
Mar. Ha! ha! these castles you build in the air,
Will not persuade me or to give or lend
A token to you.
Well. I'll be more kind to thee:
Come, thou shalt dine with me.
Mar. With you!
Well. Nay, more, dine gratis.
Mar. (c.) Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose cost?
Are they padders, or gipsies, that are your consorts?
Well. Thou art incredulous; but thou shalt dine,
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;
With me, and with a lady.
Mar. Lady! what lady?
With the lady of the lake, or queen of fairies?
For, I know, it must be an enchanted dinner.

Well. With the Lady Allworth, knave.
Mar. Nay, now there's hope
Thy brain is cracked.
Well. Mark, there, with what respect
I am entertained.
Mar. With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.
Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?
Well. 'Tis not far off, go with me; trust thine own eyes,
Mar. Troth, in my hope, or my assurance, rather,
To see thee curvet and mount like a dog in a blanket,
If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,
I will endure thy company.
Well. Come along, then. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*The Hall in Lady Allworth's House.*

Enter WATCHALL, FURNACE, ORDER, AMBLE, *and* ALLWORTH, R.

All. (L.) Your courtesies o'erwhelm me: I much grieve
To part from such true friends: and yet find comfort:
My attendance on my honourable lord,
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,
Will speedily bring me back.
[*Wellborn and Marrall without*, L.—*Wellborn knocks.*
Exit Watchall, L.
Mar. Dar'st thou venture further?
Well. Yes, yes, and knock again. [*Knocks.*
Ord. (C.) 'Tis he; disperse!
Amb. (R. C.) Perform it bravely.
Fur. (L. C.) I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.
[*Exeunt, Furnace*, L. S. E., *Order and Amble*, R.

Enter WATCHALL, WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL.

Wat. Beast that I was, to make you stay! Most welcome!
You were long since expected.
Well. (L. C.) Say so much
To my friend, I pray you.
Wat. (R. C.) For your sake, I do, sir.
Mar. (L.) For his sake!
Well. (C.) Mum; this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever
I'd have believed, though I had found it in my primer.
All. (R.) When I have given you reasons for my late harshness,
You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,
Though now I part abruptly, in my service
I will deserve it.
Mar. Service! with a vengeance!
Well. I'm satisfied: farewell, Tom.
All. All joy stay with you! [*Crosses and exit*, L.

~~Enter Ambler, R.~~

Amb. You're happily encountered; I ne'er yet
Presented one so welcome as, I know
You will be to my lady.
Mar. This is some vision;
Or, sure, these men are mad to worship a dunghill;
It cannot be a truth.
Well. Be still a pagan,
An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant,
And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips!

Enter Furnace, L. S. E.

Fur. I'm glad you're come: until I know your pleasure,
I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.
Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?
Well. What's thy will?
Fur. Marry, sir, I have
Some rails and quails, and my lady willed me ask you,
What kind of sauces best affect your palate,
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.
[*Wellborn whispers Furnace up the Stage.*
Mar. [*Walking about amazed.*] The devil's entered this cook: sauce for his palate,
That, on my knowledge,
Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread on Sundays!
Well. That way I like them best.
Fur. It shall be done, sir. [*Exit*, L. S. E.
Well. What think you of the hedge we shall dine under?
Shall we feed gratis?

Mar. I know not what to think;
Pray you, make me not mad.

Enter ORDER, R.

Ord. This place becomes you not;
Pray you, walk, sir, to the dining room.
Well. I am well here,
'Till her ladyship quits her chamber.
Mar. Well here, say you?
'Tis a rare change! but yesterday, you thought
Yourself well in a barn, wrapped up in pease-straw.

Enter TABITHA *and* ABIGAIL, R.

Tab. Oh! you're much wished for, sir.
Abi. Last night, my lady
Dreamt of you; and her first command this morning,
Was to have notice, sir, of your arrival.
Wat. See my lady.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, R.—*Order bows and exits*, R.

Lady A. I come to meet you, and languished till I saw you.
This first kiss is for form: I allow a second
To such a friend. [*Wellborn salutes her.*
Mar. To such a friend! heaven bless me!
Well. I'm wholly yours; yet, madam, if you please
To grace this gentleman with a salute—
[*Puts Marrall over to Lady Allworth*, R.
Mar. Salute me at his bidding!
[*Retreats towards the door*, R.
Well. I shall receive it
As a most high favour.
Lady A. Your friends are ever welcome to me.
Well. [*Brings Marrall back to* L.] Run backward from a lady! and such a lady!
Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour
I am unworthy of— [*Offers to kiss her foot.*
Lady A. (R.) Nay, pray you, rise;
And since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:
You shall dine with me to-day, at mine own table.
Mar. Your ladyship's table! I'm not good enough
To sit at your steward's board.

Lady A. You are too modest;
I will not be denied.

Enter Order, R.

Ord. Dinner is ready for your ladyship.
Lady A. Come, Master Wellborn:—
[*To Marrall, who is retreating again.*
Nay, keep us company.
Mar. I was ne'er so graced.

[*Lady Allworth and Wellborn take Marrall by the hand—he bowing with the greatest servility—they retire through* C. D. F., *followed by Abigail, Tabitha, Amble, and Watchall.*

Enter Furnace, L. S. E.

Ord. So, we have played our parts, and are come off well;
But if I know the mystery, why my lady
Consented to it, may I perish!
Fur. (C.) Would I had
The roasting of his heart that cheated him,
And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!
By fire!—for cooks are Persians, and swear by it,—
Of all the griping and extorting tyrants
I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met
A match to Sir Giles Overreach.
Wat. (L. C.) What will you take
To tell him so, fellow Furnace?
Fur. Just as much
As my throat is worth; for that would be the price on't.
To have a usurer that starves himself,
To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common:
But this Sir Giles feeds high; keeps many servants;
Rich in his habit, vast in his expenses!
Yet he, to admiration, still increases
In wealth and lordships.
Ord. (R. C.) He frights men out of their estates,
And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill men,
As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove him.
Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never
Lodged so unluckily.

Enter AMBLE, C. D. F.

Amb. Ha! ha! I shall burst.
Ord. Contain thyself, man.
Fur. Or make us partakers
Of your sudden mirth.
Amb. Ha! ha! my lady has got
Such a guest at her table!—this term-driver, Marrall,
This snip of an attorney!
Wat. What of him, man?
Amb. The knave feeds so slovenly!
Fur. Is this all?
Amb. My lady
Drank to him for fashion's sake, or to please Master Wellborn;
As I live, he rises, and takes up a dish
In which there were some remnants of a boiled capon,
And pledges her in white broth!
Fur. Nay, 'tis like
The rest of his tribe.
Amb. And when I brought him wine,
He leaves his chair, and, after a leg or two,
Most humbly thanks my worship—my worship!
All the Servants. Ha! ha! ha!
Ord. Risen already?
Fur. My lady frowns.
Amb. I shall be chid.
[*Exit Furnace,* L. S. E.—*Servants all run to* L.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, *and* MARRALL, C. D. F.

Lady A. (C.) You attend us well!
Let me have no more of this: I observed your jeering:
Sir, I will have you know, whom I think worthy
To sit at my table,
When I am present, is not your companion.
Ord. [*Aside.*] Nay, she'll preserve what's due to her.
Lady A. [*To Wellborn.*] You are master
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,
As not to inquire your purposes; in a word,
[*Crosses,* R., *Wellborn following her.*
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house
That is your own.

Well. [*To Marrall.*] Mark that.
Mar. (L.) With reverence, sir,
An it like your worship.
Well. Trouble yourself no further;
Dear madam, my heart's full of zeal and service,
However in my language I am sparing.
Come, Master Marrall. [*Crosses, L.*
Mar. I attend your worship.
[*Exeunt Watchall, Wellborn, and Marrall, L.*
Lady A. [*To Servants.*] I see in your looks you are sorry, and you know me
An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.
Order and Amble, come with me; I must give you
Further directions.
Ord. What you please.
Amb. We are ready. [*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE III.—*The Open Country.*

Enter WELLBORN *and* MARRALL, L. S. E.

Well. I think I'm in a good way.
Mar. Good? Sir; the best way;
The certain best way.
You are worshipful—and I hope you will become right-worshipful.
Well. (R. C.) Is't for your ease
You keep your hat off?
Mar. (L. C.) Ease, an it like your worship!
I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,
Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be covered
When your worship's present.
Well. [*Aside.*] Is not this a true rogue,
That, out of mere hope of future cozenage,
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already.
Mar. I know your worship's wise, and needs no counsel;
Yet if, in my desire to do you service,
I humbly offer my advice, (but still
Under correction,) I hope I shall not
Incur your high displeasure.
Well. No: speak freely.

Mar. Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple judgment,
(Still with your worship's favour,) I could wish you
A better habit; for this cannot be
But much distasteful to the noble lady
That loves you:
I have twenty pounds here,
Which, out of my true love, I'll presently
Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to buy you
A riding suit.

Well. But where's the horse.

Mar. My gelding
Is at your service: nay, you shall ride me,
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble
To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord
Of this lady's manor, (as I know you will be,)
You may with the lease of glebe land, called Knave's-Acre,
A place I would manure, requite your vassal.

Well. I thank thy love; but will make no use of it.
Did I want clothes, think'st thou I could not have 'em
For one word to my lady?

Mar. As if I knew not that!

Well. Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave thee.
I'll not give her the advantage, though she be
A gallant-minded lady, after we're married,
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forced
To buy my wedding clothes.—
No, I'll be furnished something like myself,
And so farewell.—For thy suit touching Knave's-Acre,
When it is mine, 'tis thine. [*Exit*, R.

Mar. I thank your worship.
How was I cozened in the calculation
Of this man's fortune! My master cozened, too,
Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;
For that is our profession! Well, well, Master Wellborn;
You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be cheated;
Which, if the Fates please, when you are possessed
Of the land and lady, you, *sans* question, shall be.
I'll presently think of the means. [*Musing*, R. C.

Sir G. [*Without.*] Sirrah, take my horse.
I'll walk, to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile;
And exercise will keep me from being pursy.

Enter Sir Giles, L.

Ha! Marrall!—Is he conjuring? Perhaps
The knave has wrought the prodigal to do
Some outrage on himself, and now he feels
Compunction in his conscience for't: no matter,
So it be done.—Marrall! Marrall!
Mar. (R. C.) Sir!
Sir G. (L. C.) How succeed we
In our plot on Wellborn?
Mar. Never better, sir.
Sir G. Has he hanged or drowned himself?
Mar. No, sir, he lives;
Lives once more to be made a prey to you,
A greater prey than ever.
Sir G. Art thou in thy wits?
If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.
Mar. A lady, sir, is fallen in love with him.
Sir G. With him! What lady?
Mar. The rich Lady Allworth.
Sir G. Thou dolt! how dar'st thou speak this?
Mar. I speak truth,
And I do so but once a-year, unless
It be to you, sir. We dined with her ladyship,
I thank his worship.
Sir G. His worship!
Mar. As I live, sir,
I dined with him at the great lady's table,
Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kissed him,
And would, at his request, have kissed me too.
Sir G. Why, thou rascal!
To tell me these impossibilities.
Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!—
Impudent varlet, have not I myself,
Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,
In vain, to see her, though I came—a suitor?
And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Wellborn,
Were brought into her presence, feasted with her!—
But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,
This most incredible lie would call up one
On thy buttermilk cheeks.
Mar. Shall I not trust my eyes, sir,

Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.
Sir G. You shall feel me, if you give not over, sirrah:
Recover your brains again, and be no more gulled
With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids
Of serving-men and chambermaids;
Or I'll quit you
From my employments.
Mar. Will you credit this yet?
On my confidence of their marriage, I offered Wellborn—
I'd give a crown now I durst say his worship,— [*Aside.*
My nag and twenty pounds.
Sir G. Did you so, idiot?
[*Strikes him—Marrall retreats to* R.
Was this the way to work him to despair,
Or rather to cross me? [*Beats him.*
Mar. Will your worship kill me?
Sir G. No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of you.
Mar. He's gone.
Sir G. I've done, then. Now, forgetting
Your late imaginary feast and lady,
Know, my Lord Lovell dines with me to-morrow:
Be careful naught be wanting to receive him;
And bid my daughter's women trim her up;
Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I 'll thank 'em.
There's a piece, for my late blows. [*Crosses,* R.
Mar. [*Aside,* L.) I may yet cry quittance;
There may be a time—
Sir G. (R.) Do you grumble?
Mar. No, sir. [*Exeunt,* R.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Skirts of Lady Allworth's Park.*

Enter LOVELL *and* ALLWORTH, L.

Lov. [*Speaking off as he enters.*] Drive the coach round the hill: something in private
I must impart to Allworth.

All. (L. C.) Oh, my lord,
What sacrifice of rev'rence, duty, watching,
Although I could put off the use of sleep,
And ever wait on your commands to serve 'em;
What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,
Nay, death itself, though I should run to meet it,
Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer;
But still the retribution will fall short
Of your bounties showered upon me!

Lov. (R. C.) Nay, good youth,
Till what I purpose be put into act,
Do not o'erprize it. Since you've trusted me
With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,
Rest confident, 'tis in a cabinet locked
Treachery shall never open. I have found you
More zealous in your love and service to me,
Than I have been in my rewards.

All. Still great ones,
Above my merit,
You have been
More like a father to me than a master:
'Pray you, pardon the comparison.

Lov. I allow it;
And to give you assurance that I am pleased in't,
My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,
Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,
I can command my passions.

All. 'Tis a conquest
Few men can boast of, when they are tempted.—Oh!

Lov. Why do you sigh? Can you be doubtful of me?
By that fair name I in the wars have purchased,
And all my actions, hitherto untainted,
I will not be more true to mine own honour,
Than to thee, Allworth!

All. Were you to encounter with a single foe,
The victory were certain: but to stand
The charge of two such potent enemies,
At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,
And those, too, seconded with power, is odds
Too great for Hercules.

Lov. Speak your doubts and fears,
Since you will nourish 'em, in plainer language,

That I may understand 'em.
All. My much-loved lord, were Margaret only fair,
You might command your passion;
But, when the well-tuned accents of her tongue
Make music to you, and with numerous sounds
Assault your hearing,
Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,
To follow such a Venus.
Lov. Love hath made you
Poetical, Allworth.
All. Grant all these beat off,
(Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it,)
Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in
With heaps of ill-got gold, and as much land
As would tire
A falcon's wings, in one day to fly over.
I here release your trust:
'Tis happiness enough for me to serve you,
And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.
Lov. Why, shall I swear?
All. Oh, by no means, my lord!
Lov. Suspend
Your judgment till the trial. How far is't
To Overreach's house?
All. At the most, some half hour's riding;
You'll soon be there.
Lov. And you the sooner freed
From your jealous fears.
All. Oh, that I durst but hope it! [*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE II.—*The Hall in Sir Giles's House.*

Enter SIR GILES, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL, L. U. E.—*Sir Giles and Mar. remain up Stage.—Greedy advances to front.*

Sir G. (C.) Spare for no cost; let my dressers crack with the weight
Of curious viands.
Gree. Store indeed's no sore, sir.
Sir G. That proverb fits your stomach, Master Greedy.
Gree. (C.) It does indeed, Sir Giles; I do not like to see a table ill-spread, poor, meagre, just sprinkled o'er with salad, sliced beef, giblets, and pig's pettitoes. But

substantials!—Oh, Sir Giles, the substantials! The state of a fat turkey, now! the decorum, the grandeur he marches in with! Oh, I declare, I do much honour a chine of beef! Oh, I do reverence a loin of veal!

Sir G. And let no plate be seen, but what's pure gold,
Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter
That it is made of: let my choicest linen
Perfume the room; and, when we wash, the water,
With precious powders mixed, so please my lord,
That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

Mar. (L.) 'Twill be very chargeable.

Sir G. Avaunt, you drudge!
Now all my laboured ends are at the stake,
Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter,
Call in my daughter. [*Exit Marrall*, L.
And, Master Justice, since you love choice dishes,
And plenty of 'em—

Gree. As I do, indeed, sir,
Almost as much as to give thanks for them.

Sir G. I do confer that providence, with my power
Of absolute command to have abundance,
To your best care.

Gree. I'll punctually discharge it,
And give the best directions.—
[*Sir Giles retires up the Stage.*
Now am I,
In mine own conceit, a monarch; at the least,
Arch-president of the boiled, the roast, the baked;—
I'd not exchange my throne for the Great Mogul's;
For which I will eat often; and give thanks,
When my belly's braced up like a drum; and that's pure justice. [*Exit*, R.

Sir G. [*Advancing.*] It must be so: should the foolish girl prove modest,
She may spoil all; she had it not from me,
But from her mother: I was ever forward,
As she must be; and therefore I'll prepare her.

Enter Marrall, *followed by* Margaret, *and two female Attendants*, L.

Alone, Margaret—
Alone—and let your women wait without.

[*Exeunt Women and Marrall,* L. U. E.

Marg. (L.) Your pleasure, sir?

Sir G. (R.) Ha! this is a neat dressing!

[*Walks round her, and remains on her* L.

These orient pearls and diamonds well placed, too!
The gown affects me not,—it should have been
Embroidered o'er and o'er with flowers of gold;
But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it.
How like you your new woman,
The Lady Downfallen?

Marg. Well, for a companion;
Not as a servant.

Sir G. Is she humble, Meg,
And careful, too, her ladyship forgotten?

Marg. I pity her fortune.

Sir G. Pity her! Trample on her.
I took her up in an old tamin gown,
E'en starved for very want of food, to serve thee;
And if I understand she but repines
To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile,
I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodged him,
Into the counter, and there let 'em howl together.

Marg. You know your own ways; but for me, I blush
When I command her, that was once attended
With persons not inferior to myself
In birth.

Sir G. In birth! Why, art thou not my daughter,
The blest child of my industry and wealth?
Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself
To the noble state I labour to advance thee;
Or, by my hopes to see thee honourable,
I will adopt a stranger to my fortunes,
And throw thee from my care. Do not provoke me.

Marg. I will not, sir; mould me which way you please.

Enter GREEDY, R., *with a napkin round his neck, and a dumpling in his hand.*

Gree. Sir Giles, Sir Giles—

Sir G. How! interrupted? [*Crosses to him.*

Gree. (R.) 'Tis matter of importance.
The cook, sir, is self-willed, and will not learn
From my experience. There's a fawn brought in, sir,

And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it whole,
With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it:
And, sir, we wise men know, without the dumpling
'Tis not worth three-pence.

Sir G. (c.) Would it were whole in thy belly,
To stuff it out! Cook it any way: pr'ythee, leave me.

Gree. Without order for the dumpling?

Sir G. Let it be dumpled
Which way thou wilt; or tell him, I will scald him
In his own caldron.

Gree. I had lost my stomach,
Had I lost my dumpling. [*Exit*, R.

Sir G. But to our business, Meg:—You've heard who dines here?

Marg. (L.) I have, sir.

Sir G. 'Tis an honourable man;
A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment
Of soldiers; and, what's rare, is one himself,
A bold and understanding one; and to be
A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,
Is granted unto few, but such as rise up
The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter GREEDY, R., *with a toast and fork.*

Gree. (R.) I'll resign my office,
If I be not better obeyed,

Sir G. [*Turning suddenly to him.*] 'Slight, art thou frantic?

Gree. (R. C.) Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and stark mad,
Were I not a justice of peace and quorum too:
Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.
There are a dozen of woodcocks—
He has found out
A new device for sauce, and will not dish 'em
With toasts and butter.

Sir G. [*Crosses*, R., *behind.*] Cook!—Rogue, obey him!
I've given the word: pray, now remove yourself,
To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.

Gree. I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner.
[*Exit*, R.

Sir G. And as I said, Meg, when this gull disturbed us,

This honourable lord, this colonel,
I would have thy husband.
Marg. There's too much disparity
Between his quality and mine, to hope it.
Sir G. I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it,
Be thou no enemy to thyself: my wealth
Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me:
Remember, he's a courtier, and a soldier,
And not to be trifled with; and, therefore, when
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:
This mincing modesty hath spoiled many a match
By a first refusal, in vain after hoped for.
Marg. You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance that
Confines a virgin?
Sir G. Virgin me no virgins!
I must have you lose that name, or you lose me;
I'll have you private—start not—I say, private:
If you are my true daughter,
You'll venture alone with one man, though he came
Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off, too:
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.
Marg. I've heard this is the wanton's fashion, sir,
Which I must never learn.
Sir G. (R.) Learn anything,
And from any creature, that may make thee great;
E'en from the devil himself: stand not on form;
Words are no substances.
Marg. (L.) With your leave, sir—in worldly policy,
This is not the way to make me his wife:
My virgin scruples overcome so soon,
Cannot but assure him,
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight
Whene'er by others tempted: so, in judgment,
If, to obey you, I forget my honour,
He must and will forsake me.
Sir G. How! forsake thee!
Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm
Shrunk up, or withered? Does there live a man,
Of that large list I have encountered with,
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground
Not purchased with his blood that did oppose me?

Forsake thee!—He dares not.
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,
Stood armed by his side, to justify the wrong,—
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,
Or the judge's favour,—I would make him render
A bloody and a strict account, and force him,
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour.
Meg, I have said it. [*Crosses*, R.

Enter MARRALL, *hastily*, L. U. E.

Mar. Sir, sir, the man of honour's come,
Newly alighted.
Sir G. In there, without reply, and wait my call:
And do as I command, or thou art lost. [*Exit Margaret*, R.
What! is the loud music I gave orders for,
Ready to receive him?
Mar. (L.) 'Tis, sir.
Sir G. (R.) Let them sound
A princely welcome. [*Exit Marrall*, L. U. E.
Roughness, awhile leave me:
For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,
Must make way for me. [*Music.*

Enter MARRALL, LOVELL, *and* ALLWORTH, L. U. E., *preceded and followed by Servants.*

Lov. (L. C.) Sir, you meet your trouble.
Sir G. What you are pleased to style so, is an honour
Above my worth and fortunes.
All. [*Aside.*] Strange! so humble!

Re-enter GREEDY, R., *with a napkin under his chin.*

Sir G. Faugh! [*Points to napkin, which Greedy instantly snatches off, and puts behind him.*] A justice of peace, my lord. [*Presents Greedy to him.*
Lov. (L.) Your hand, good sir.
Gree. (C.) [*Aside.*] This is a lord: some would think this a favour;
But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling.
Sir G. (R.) Room for my lord.
Lov. I miss, sir, your fair daughter,
To crown my welcome.
Sir G. May it please my lord

To taste a glass of Greek wine first; and suddenly
She shall attend, my lord.
Lov. You'll be obeyed, sir. [*Exeunt all but Sir Giles, L.*
Sir G. 'Tis to my wish; as soon as come, ask for her!
Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!

Re-enter MARGARET, R.

How! tears in your eyes!
Hah! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out.
Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness
That flies into thy bosom: think what 'tis
For me to say, My honourable daughter!
No more; but be instructed, or expect—
He comes.

Re-enter LOVELL, ALLWORTH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL, L.

A well-formed girl, my lord.
Lov. [*Crosses to Margaret.*] As I live, a rare one!
[*Salutes her.*
All. [*Aside.*] He's ta'en already: I am lost.
Sir G. That kiss
Came twanging off; I like it;—Quit the room.
[*Exeunt Greedy, Marrall, and Allworth,* R.
A little bashful, my good lord, but you,
I hope, will teach her boldness.
Lov. I am happy
In such a scholar; but—
Sir G. I am too old to learn,
And therefore leave you to yourselves. [*Crosses,* R.] Remember! [*Aside to Margaret and exit,* R.
Lov. You see, fair lady, your father is solicitous
To have you change the barren name of virgin
Into a hopeful wife.
Marg. His haste, my lord,
Holds no power o'er my will.
Lov. But o'er your duty.
Marg. (R.) Which, forced too much, may break.
Lov. (L.) Bend, rather, sweetest:
Think of your years.
Marg. Too few to match with yours.
Lov. I can advance you.
Marg. To a hill of sorrow:

Where every hour I may expect to fall,
But never hope firm footing. You are noble,—
I of a low descent, however rich;
Oh, my good lord, I could say more, but that
I may not trust these walls.

Lov. Pray you, trust my ear, then.

[*They whisper up the Stage.*

Re-enter SIR GILES, *listening*, R.

Sir G. Close at it! whispering!—this is excellent!
And, by their postures, a consent on both parts.

Re-enter GREEDY, R.

Gree. Sir Giles! Sir Giles!

Sir G. [*Coming down.*] The great fiend stop that clapper!

Gree. It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings noon.
The baked meats are run out, the roast turned powder.

Sir G. (R. C.) Stop your insatiate jaws, or
I shall powder you.

Gree. (R.) Beat me to dust, I care not;
In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.

Sir G. Disturb my lord,
When he is in discourse?

Gree. Is't a time to talk
When we should be munching?

Sir G. Mum, villain; vanish! Shall we break a bargain
Almost made up? [*Exit, thrusting Greedy off before him*, R.

Lov. Lady, I understand you,
And wish you happy in your choice; believe it,
I'll be a careful pilot to direct
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

Marg. So shall your honour save two lives, and bind us
Your slaves forever.

Lov. I'm in the act rewarded,
Since it is good: howe'er, you must put on
An amorous carriage towards me, till our purpose
Be brought to the wished end.

Marg. I'm prone to that.

Lov. Now break we off our conference.—Sir Giles!
Where is Sir Giles? [*Coming forward.*

Enter SIR GILES, ALLWORTH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL, R. *Allworth crosses behind to* L.

Sir G. My noble lord; and how
Does your lordship find her?
Lov. Apt, Sir Giles, and coming;
And I like her the better.
Sir G. [*Aside.*] So do I too.
Lov. Yet should we take forts at the first assault,
'Twere poor in the defendant: I will confirm her
With a love-letter or two, which I shall have
Delivered by my page: we must, for form, give way to't.
Sir G. With all my soul. [*Crosses to Allworth,* L
A towardly gentleman!
Your hand, good Master Allworth; know my house
Is ever open to you.
All. [*Aside.*] 'Twas shut till now.
Sir G. [*To Margaret.*] Well done, well done, my honourable daughter!
Thou'rt so already; [*Puts her over to Allworth.*] know this gentle youth,
And cherish him, my honourable daughter!
Marg. [*Crosses to Allworth.*] I shall, with my best care.
Servants. [*Without,* R.] Room, room—make way there for my lady.
Sir G. What noise?
Gree. More stops
Before we go to dinner! Oh, my guts!

Enter Six Servants, LADY ALLWORTH *and* WELLBORN.

Lady A. (L. C.) [*To Wellborn.*] If I find welcome,
You shall share in't; if not, I'll back again;
For I come armed for all can be objected.
Lov. How! the Lady Allworth! [*Crosses to her.*
Sir G. And thus attended!
[*Marrall and Sir Giles a little up the Stage.*
Mar. No, I am a dolt,
The spirit of lies hath entered me.
Lov. Noble lady,
This is a favour, to prevent* my visit,
The service of my life can never equal.

* To prevent my visit, i. e. to anticipate it.

Lady A. My lord, I laid wait for you; and much hoped
You would have made my poor house your first inn;
And therefore, doubting that you might forget me,
I borrowed so much from my long restraint,
And took the air, in person to invite you.
Lov. Your bounties are so great, they rob me, madam,
Of words to give you thanks.
Lady A. Good Sir Giles Overreach. [*Bows to him.*
How dost thou, Marrall?—Liked you my meat so ill,
You'll dine no more with me?
Greed. (R.) I will, when you please,
An it like your ladyship.
Lady A. When you please, Master Greedy;
If meat can do't, you shall be satisfied.
And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge
This gentleman: however his outside's coarse,
[*Presents Wellborn, who stands,* L.
His inward linings are as fine and fair
As any man's:
And howsoe'er his humour carries him
To be thus accoutred, or what taint soe'er,
For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,
He may, ere long, with boldness rank himself
With some that have contemned him. Sir Giles Overreach,
If I am welcome, bid him so.
Sir G. My nephew!
He has been too long a stranger: faith you have:
Pray, let it be mended.
[*All converse apart but Sir Giles and Marrall.*
Mar. Why, sir, what do you mean?
This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,
No man of worship,
Much less your nephew.
Sir G. Well, sirrah, we shall reckon
For this hereafter. [*Crosses,* R.
Mar. I'll not lose my jeer,
Though I be beaten dead for't. [*Retires up the Stage.*
Well. [*Advancing.*] Let my silence plead
In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure
Offer itself, to hear a full relation
Of my poor fortunes. [*Aside to Lovell.*

Lov. I would hear, and help them. [*Bell rings*, R.
Gree. Ah! [*Runs about.*
Sir G. Your dinner waits you.
Lov. Pray you, lead; we follow.
Lady A. Dear Master Wellborn, come.—You are my guest.
[*Takes Wellborn's hand.—Music.—Exeunt all but Greedy*, L.
Gree. Dear Master Wellborn! so she said: Heaven, heaven!
If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminate
All day on this: I've granted twenty warrants
To have him committed, from all the prisons in the shire,
To Nottingham gaol! And now, "Dear Master Wellborn!"
And, "My good nephew!"—But I play the fool,
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner. [*Going*, R.

Re-enter MARRALL, R., *meeting Greedy.*

Are they set, Marrall?
Mar. (R. C.) Long since. [*Greedy going*, R., *Marrall stops him.*] Pray you, a word, sir.
Gree. (L. C.) No wording now.
Mar. In troth, I must: my master,
Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with you,
And does entreat you, more guests being come in
Than he expected, especially his nephew,
The table being full too, you would excuse him,
And wait to sup with him on the cold meat.
Gree. How! no dinner,
After all my care?
Mar. 'Tis but a penance for
A meal; besides, you broke your fast.
Gree. That was
But a bit to stay my stomach. A man in commission
Give place to a tatterdemalion?
Mar. No big words, sir!
Should his worship hear you—
Gree. Lose my dumpling too,
And buttered toast and woodcocks!
Mar. Come, have patience.
If you will dispense a little with your justiceship,

And sit with the maids below there, you'll have dumpling, Woodcock, and buttered toast too, by and by.

Gree. This revives me:
I will gorge there sufficiently.

Mar. There's your way, sir. [*Exit*, R.

Gree. I fear, we shall have but short commons below. I am no cameleon, to feed on air; nor Frenchman, to feast on a soused frog, or regale on an ounce of beef in a Mediterranean sea of soup: I love to see the board well spread, groaning under its savoury burden, smoking hot, from spit, furnace, and caldron.—Odds me, Sir Giles! [*Exit*, L.

Enter Sir Giles, R.

Sir G. She's caught! Oh, woman! What, neglect my lord,
And all her compliments apply to Wellborn!
In the wine she drinks,
He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,
And sits on thorns till she be private with him.
But why grieve I
At this? It makes for me: if she prove his,
All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

Enter Marrall, R.

Mar. (R. C.) Sir, the whole board is troubled at your rising.

Sir G. (L. C.) No matter, I'll excuse it. Pr'ythee, Marrall,
Watch an occasion to invite my nephew
To speak with me in private.

Mar. Who! the rogue
The lady scorned to look on?

Sir G. Sirrah, Sirrah! [*Crosses to meet Lovell.*

Enter Lovell, Margaret, *and* Allworth, R.

[*To Lovell*, L. C.] My good lord, excuse my manners.

Lov. (C.) There needs none, Sir Giles;
I may ere long say—father, when it please
My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

Sir G. She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me happy.

Lady A. [*Without.*] Nay, Master Wellborn—

Sir G. Grosser and grosser!
[*Going*, L.—*Marrall crosses behind*, R., *and Margaret goes* R. *of Allworth.*

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, *and Servants*, R.

Lady A. (R.) Provide my coach,
I'll instantly away;—my thanks, Sir Giles,
For my entertainment. [*Marrall whispers Wellborn*, R.
Sir G. 'Tis your nobleness,
To think it such.
Lady A. I must do you a further wrong,
In taking away your honourable guest.
Lov. I wait on you, madam; farewell, good Sir Giles.
Lady A. Nay, come, Master Wellborn,—
[*Exit Marrall*, R.
I must not leave you behind; in sooth, I must not.
Sir G. [*Crosses to Lady A.*, R.] Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once:
Let my nephew stay behind: he shall have my coach,
And, after some small conference between us,
Soon overtake your ladyship.
Lady A. Stay not long, sir.
Lov. Farewell, dear Margaret! You shall every day
Hear from your servant, by my faithful page.
All. 'Tis a service I am proud of.
[*Music.—Exeunt all but Sir Giles, Wellborn and Margaret*, L. U. E.
Sir G. (L. C.) Daughter, to your chamber.
[*Exit Margaret*, L.
You may wonder, nephew,
After so long an enmity between us,
I should desire your friendship.
Well. (R.) So I do, sir;
'Tis strange to me.
Sir G. (L.) But I'll make it no wonder;
And, what is more, unfold my nature to you.
We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen,
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift them up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press them to the bottom;
As, I must yield, with you I practised it;
But, now I see you in a way to rise,

I can and will assist you. This rich lady,
(And I am glad of 't,) is enamoured of you.
[*Wellborn shakes his head.*
'Tis too apparent, nephew.
Well. No such thing!
Compassion, rather, sir.
Sir G. Well, in a word,
Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen
No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,
She married you like a beggar, or in debt.
Well. [*Aside.*] He'll run into the noose, and save my labour.
Sir G. You have a trunk of rich clothes, not far hence,
In pawn; I will redeem 'em; and, that no clamour
May taint your credit for your petty debts,
You shall have wherewithal to cut 'em off,
And go a free man to the wealthy lady.
Well. This done, sir, out of love, and no ends else—
Sir G. As it is, nephew.
Well. Binds me still your servant.
Sir G. No compliments: you're staid for. Ere you've supped,
You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for my nephew!
To-morrow I will visit you.
Well. Here's an uncle [*Crosses,* L.
In a man's extremes! How much they do belie you,
That say you are hard-hearted!
Sir G. My deeds, nephew,
Shall speak my love; what men report, I weigh not.
[*Exeunt, Wellborn,* L., *Sir Giles,* R.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Lady Allworth's House.—Table and two Chairs, Pens, Ink, Paper, Wax, and lighted Taper.* LOVELL *seated,* R., *sealing a letter, and* ALLWORTH *waiting on him, discovered.*

Lov. (R.) 'Tis well.—May this succeed!

I now discharge you
From further service: mind your own affairs;
I hope they'll prove successful.
All. (L.) What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let after-times report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engaged, for I want language
To speak my debt: yet, if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could—
Lov. Nay, do not melt;
This ceremonial thanks, to me's superfluous.
Sir G. [*Without*, L.) Is my lord stirring?
Lov. 'Tis he! Oh, here's your letter. [*Takes the letter from the table and gives it to Allworth.*] Let him in.
[*Allworth opens the door*, L., *and stands retired.*

Enter SIR GILES, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL, L.

Sir G. A good day to my lord!
Lov. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.
Sir G. And reason, to attend your lordship.
Lov. (R.) And you, too, Master Greedy, up so soon!
Gree. (L. C.) In troth, my lord, after the sun is up,
I cannot sleep: for I've a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,
[*Crosses to Lovell*, R. C.
I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend, Sir Giles.
Lov. Pray you, use your pleasure. [*Retires up.*
Gree. (R. C.) How far, Sir Giles, and pray you, answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house to this of my Lady Allworth's?
Sir G. (L. C.) Why, some four mile.
Gree. How! four mile, good Sir Giles—
Upon your reputation, think better;
For four miles riding
Could not have raised so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me. [*Retiring back.*
Mar. (L.) Whether you ride

Or go afoot, you're that way still provided,
An't please your worship.
Sir G. [*Coming in*, c.) How now, sirrah? prating
Before my lord! no deference! Go to my nephew,
See all his debts discharged, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit.
Mar. [*Aside.*] I may fit you too. [*Exit*, L.
Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.
Sir G. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already.
Sweet Master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry you
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a license,
Still by this token.—[*To Lovell.*] I will have't dispatched,
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.
Gree. [*Stopping Allworth, who is crossing towards* L.]
Take my advice, young gentleman; get your breakfast;
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting; I'll eat with you,
And that abundantly.
Sir G. Some Fury's in that gut:
Hungry again! did you not devour this morning
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?
Gree. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of preparative.
Lov. Haste your return.
All. I will not fail, my lord. [*Exit*, L.
Gree. Nor I, to line
My Christmas coffer. [*Exit*, L.
Sir G. (L.) To my wish; [*They sit.*] we're private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion, that were poor and trivial:
In one word I pronounce, all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you: nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long; since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours, too.
Lov. (R.) You are a right kind father.
Sir G. You shall have reason
To think me such.

How do you like this seat of Lady Allworth's?
It is well wooded and well watered, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve, for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well-built pile: and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.

Sir G. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time; but, let my lord
Say, only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible!

Sir G. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands—for those, once Wellborn's,
As, by her dotage on him, I know they will be,
Shall soon be mine;—but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they're yours. [*They rise.*

Lov. (c.) I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose 'em to be censured by
The public voice.

Sir G. You run, my lord, no hazard.
[*Leans on the back of the chair.*
Your reputation shall still stand as fair
In all good men's opinions, as now:
For, though I do contemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame
Shall ne'er be sullied with one taint or spot.
All my ambition is, to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her;
And, might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.

Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Sir G. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I'm of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course.
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm.
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.
Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.
Sir G. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay, more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compassed.
My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore,
Is it a match, my lord?
Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now.
Sir G. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they're equal; so, my lord, good morrow.
[*Exit*, L.

Lov. He's gone: I wonder how the earth can bear him!
I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous monster, am all bathed
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
Is no more shaken than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

Enter LADY ALLWORTH, C.

Lady A. [*Advancing*, R.) Save you, my lord!
Disturb I not your privacy?
Lov. (L.) No, good madam;
For your own sake, I'm glad you came no sooner,
Since this bold, bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,
Made such a plain discovery of himself,
And read this morning such a devilish matins,
That I should think it a sin next to his
But to repeat it.
Lady A. I ne'er pressed, my lord,
On others' privacy; yet, against my will,
Walking for health's sake, in the gallery here,
I was made,
So loud and vehement he was, partaker
Of his tempting offers.
But, my good lord, if I may use my freedom,
As to an honoured friend—
Lov. You lessen else
Your favour to me.
Lady A. I dare, then, say thus:
However common men
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end
Of their industrious aims, 'twill not agree
With those of noble blood, of fame, and honour.
Lov. Madam, 'tis confessed:
But what infer you from it?
Lady A. This, my lord:
I allow the heir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,
A maid well qualified, and the richest match
Our north part can make boast of; yet she cannot,
With all that she brings with her, stop their mouths
That never will forget who was her father;
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's,
(How wrung from both, needs no repetition,)
Were real motives that more worked your lordship
To join your families, than her form and virtues:
You may conceive the rest.
Lov. I do, good madam,
And long since have considered it. I know,
The sum of all that makes a just man happy,

Consists in the well choosing of his wife:
And 'tis my resolution ne'er to wed
With the rich Margaret, Overreach's daughter.
Lady A. [*Aside.*] I am glad to hear this.—
Why, then, my lord, pretend your marriage to her?
Dissimulation but ties false knots
On that straight line, by which you hitherto
Have measured all your actions.
Lov. I make answer,
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,
That, since your husband's death, have lived a strict
And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself
To visits and entertainments? Think you, madam,
'Tis not grown public conference? or the favours
Which you so prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,
Incur not censure?
Lady A. I'm innocent here; and, on my life, I swear,
My ends are good.
Lov. So, on my soul, are mine
To Margaret:
And, since this friendly privacy does serve
As a fair offered means unto ourselves
To search each other further—you having shown
Your care of me, I, my respect to you—
Deny me not, I dare not yet say more,
An afternoon's discourse.
Lady A. Affected coyness might deny your suit;
But, such your honour, frankness shall become me,
And bid my tongue avow my honest heart:
I shall attend your lordship.
Lov. My heart thanks you.
[*Exeunt, Lovell,* L., *Lady Allworth,* C.

Scene II.—*A Village.*

Enter Froth *and* Tapwell *from the House,* L. S. E.

Tap. (L. C.) Undone, undone! This was your counsel, Froth.
Froth. (L.) Mine! I defy thee: did not Master Marrall—
He has marred all, I am sure—strictly command us,

On pain of Sir Giles Overreach's displeasure,
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

Tap. (R. C.) 'Tis true:
But now he's his uncle's darling; and has got
Master Justice Greedy, since he filled his belly,
At his commandment to do anything.
Woe, woe to us!

Froth. (L. C.) He may prove merciful.

Tap. Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.

Froth. Then, he knows all the passages of our house;
As the receiving of stolen goods, and so forth.
When he was rogue Wellborn, no man would believe him;
And then his information could not hurt us;
But now he is right worshipful again,
Who dares but doubt his testimony?

Tap. Undone, undone! Methinks
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart;
And my hand hissing,
If I 'scape the halter, with the letter R
Printed upon it.

Froth. 'Would that were the worst!
That were but nine days' wonder. As for credit,
We've none to lose; but we shall lose his custom:
And there's the devil of it.

Tap. He has summoned all his creditors by the drum;
'Tis said, he has found out such a NEW WAY
TO PAY HIS OLD DEBTS, as, 'tis very likely,
He shall be chronicled for it.

Froth. But are you sure his worship
Comes this way to my lady's?

[*Drum, and cry without,* L. U. E., *of*—"Brave Master Wellborn!"

Tap. Hark, I hear him.

Froth. Be ready with your petition, and present it
To his good grace. [*Drum and cry again,* L. U. E.

Enter GREEDY, WELLBORN *in a rich habit,* MARRALL—VINTNER, TAILOR, *with other Creditors*—ORDER, FURNACE, AMBLE, L. U. E.—*Tapwell and Froth, kneeling, deliver a Petition.*

Well. (C.) How's this? petitioned too!

But note what miracles the payment of
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,
Can work upon these rascals! I shall be,
I think, Prince Wellborn.
Mar. (L. C.) When your worship's married,
You may be:—I know what I hope to see you.
Well. Then look thou for advancement.
Mar. To be known
Your worship's bailiff, is the mark I shoot at.
Well. And thou shalt hit it.
Mar. Pray you, sir, dispatch
These needy followers: and for my admittance,
[*Tapwell and Froth flattering Greedy*, R.
Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say something
You shall give thanks for.
Well. Fear not Sir Giles.
[*Wellborn and Marrall retire*, L., *and converse apart.*
Gree. [*Brings Tapwell and Froth*, C.] Who?
Tapwell—I remember; thy wife brought me,
Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkeys.
Tap. And shall do, every Christmas, let your worship
But stand my friend now.
Gree. How! with Master Wellborn?
I can do anything with him, on such terms.
[*Wellborn advances*, L.
See you this honest couple? [*To Wellborn.*] They're good souls
As ever drew out spigot. Have they not
A pair of honest faces?
Well. I o'erheard you,
And the bribe he promised. You are cozened in 'em:
For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,
For a base quean and thief, have worst deserved me;
And therefore speak not for them. By your place,
You're rather to do me justice. Lend me your ear:
Forget his turkeys, and call in his license,
And every season I will send you venison,
To feast a mayor and corporation.
[*Goes a little up, and converses with Marrall.*
Gree. I'm changed o' the sudden in my opinion—Mum.

Come near, [*To Tapwell and Froth,*] nearer, rascal!
And, now I view him better, did you e'er see
One look so like an arch knave? his very countenance,
Should an understanding Judge but look upon him,
Would hang him, though he were innocent.
Tap. & Froth. Worshipful sir—
Gree. No; though the great Turk came, instead of turkeys,
To beg my favour, I'm inexorable.
Thou'st an ill name: I here do damn thy license,
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;
For, instantly I will, in mine own person,
Command the constable to pull down thy sign,
And do't before I eat.
Froth. (R.) No mercy?
Gree. Vanish!—
If I show any, may my promised venison choke me!
Tap. Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.
[*Crosses behind, and exit with Froth into the House.*
Well. (C.) On, Master Greedy: I'll be with you at dinner.
Gree. (R. C.) For heaven's sake, don't stay long;
'Tis almost ready. [*Exit Greedy,* R.
Well. (C.) Speak: what are you?
Vin. [*Comes down,*] A decayed vintner, sir,
That might have thrived, but that your worship broke me
With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,
And five-pound suppers, with your after-drinkings,
When you lodged upon the Bankside.
Well. I remember.
Vin. I've not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest you;
And therefore, sir—
Well. Thou art an honest fellow:
I'll set thee up again: [*Vintner goes up,* C.
[*To Marrall.*] See his bill paid.
[*Tailor advances,* L.] What are you?
Tail. A tailor once, but now mere botcher.
I long time gave you credit for rich clothes:
But, you failing in payment,
I was removed from the shop-board, and confined
Under a stall.
Well. [*To Marrall.*] See him paid: and botch no more

Tail. I ask no interest, sir.
Well. Such tailors need not;
If their bills are paid in one and twenty years,
They're seldom losers. See these men discharged.
[*Marrall motions to the Creditors to imply he will do so.*
And, since old debts are cleared by a new way,
A little bounty will not misbecome me:
There's something for you all. [*Throws purse to Creditors.*
All the Creditors. Brave Master Wellborn!
[*Drums and shouts—Exeunt Creditors,* L. U. E.
Well. Leave me, good friends: attend upon your lady.
[*Exeunt Amble, Furnace, and Order,* R.
Now, Master Marrall, what's the weighty secret,
You promised to impart?
Mar. Sir, time nor place
Allow me to relate each circumstance;
This only, in a word:—I know Sir Giles
Will come upon you for security
For all the money which he now has lent you;
This you must not consent to:
As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,
Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt
Ten times the sum, upon sale of your land;—
I'd a hand in't, I speak it to my shame,—
When you were defeated of it.
Well. That's forgiven.
Mar. I shall deserve it:—Then urge him to produce
The deed in which you passed it over to him;
Which, I know, he'll have about him, to deliver
To the Lord Lovell. I'll instruct you further,
As I wait on your worship: if I play not my prize
To your full content, and your uncle's much vexation,
Hang up Jack Marrall.
Well. I rely upon thee. [*Exeunt,* R.

SCENE III.—*A Room in Sir Giles's House.—Table and two Chairs—Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

Enter MARGARET, *with a letter in her hand, and* ALLWORTH, R.

All. Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's
Unequalled temperance, or your constant sweetness,
I yet rest doubtful.

Marg. Give it to Lord Lovell;
For what in him was bounty, in me's duty.
I make but payment of a debt to which
My vows, in that high office registered,
Are faithful witnesses.
All. 'Tis true, my dearest;
Yet—when I call to mind how many fair ones
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths and oaths,
To fill the arms of greatness;
While you, with matchless virtue, thus hold out,
Spurning at honour, when it comes to court you—
I am so tender of your good, that faintly
I wish myself that right, you're pleased to do me.
Marg. To me what's title, when content is wanting?
Or the smooth brow, and wealth,
Of a pleased sire that slaves me to his will;
And, so his vain ambition may be feasted
By my obedience, and he see me great,
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power
To make her own election?
All. But the dangers
That follow the repulse—
Marg. To me they're nothing:
Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.
Suppose the worst—that, in his rage, he kill me;
A tear or two, by you dropt on my hearse,
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life
So far as but to say, that I die yours;
I then shall rest in peace.
All. Heaven avert
Such trials of your true affection to me!
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,
Show so much rigour. But, since we must run
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best
To steer between 'em.
Marg. Lord Lovell is our friend:
And, though but a young actor, second me
In doing to the life what he has plotted.

Enter SIR GILES, R. U. E.

The end may yet prove happy.—[*Aside.*] Now, my Allworth. *Goes up.*

All. [*Aside.*] To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

Marg. (L.) I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title:
And, when with terms not taking from his honour
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him;
But, in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,
To fix a time and place, without my knowledge,
A priest to tie the knot, can ne'er be undone
Till death unloose it, is a confidence
In his lordship will deceive him. [*Crosses,* R.

All. I hope better, good lady.

Marg. (R.) Hope, sir, what you please; for me,
I must take a safe and secure course; I have
A father, and without his full consent,
Though all lords of the land kneeled for my favour,
I can grant nothing. [*Crosses,* L.

Sir G. [*Aside.*] I like this obedience:
But whatsoe'er my lord writes, must and shall be
Accepted and embraced. Sweet Master Allworth,
You show yourself a true and faithful servant
To your good lord: he has a jewel of you.
How! frowning, Meg? Are these looks to receive
A messenger from my lord? What's this? give me it.

Marg. (L.) A piece of arrogant paper!

Sir G. [*Reads.*] (C.)

> "*Fair mistress, from your servant learn, all joys*
> *That we can hope for, if deferred, prove toys:*
> *Therefore this instant, and in private, meet*
> *A husband, that will gladly at your feet*
> *Lay down his honours, tendering them to you*
> *With all content, the church being paid her due.*"

Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!
Will you still be one? I'the name of madness, what
Could his good honour write more to content you?
Is there aught else to be wished, after these two
That are already offered? Marriage first,
And lawful pleasure after:—What would you more?

Marg. Why, sir, I would be married like your daughter,
Not hurried away i'the night I know not whither,
Without all ceremony; no friends invited,
To honour the solemnity.

All. (R. C.) An't please your honour,
For so before to-morrow I must style you,
My lord desires this privacy, in respect
His honourable kinsmen are far off,
And his desires to have it done, brook not
So long delay as to expect their coming;
And yet he stands resolved, with all due pomp,
To have his marriage at court celebrated,
When he has brought your honour up to London.

Sir G. He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my knowledge:
Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,
Must put it off, forsooth!

Marg. I could be contented,
Were you but by, to do a father's part,
And give me in the church.

Sir G. So my lord have you,
What do I care who gives you? Since my lord
Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.
I know not, Master Allworth, how my lord
May be provided, and therefore there's a purse
Of gold: 'twill serve this night's expense; to-morrow
I'll furnish him with any sums.
Use my ring to my chaplain; he is beneficed
At my manor of Got'em, and called Parson Willdo:
'Tis no matter for a license; [*Crosses to* R.] I'll bear him out in't.

Marg. With your favour, sir—what warrant is your ring? [*Crosses*, C.
He may suppose I got that twenty ways,
Without your knowledge; and then, to be refused
Were such a stain upon me!—If you pleased, sir,
Your presence would do better.

Sir G. Still perverse!
I say again, I will not cross my lord;
Yet I'll prevent* you, too.—Paper and ink there!

All. Sir, 'tis ready here. [*Goes up to table.*

Sir G. I thank you.—I can write, then, to my chaplain. [*Sits down and writes.*

All. [*Sits.*] Sir, sir,—
You may, if you please, leave out the name of my lord,

* Prevent; that is, I'll anticipate all your objections.

In respect he would be private, and only write—
Marry her to this gentleman.
Sir G. Well advised.
'Tis done!—Away!—[*Gives Allworth the paper—both rise.*
My blessing? Girl, thou hast it!
Nay, no reply, begone:—good Master Allworth,
This shall be the best night's work you ever made.
All. I hope so, sir. [*Exeunt Margaret and Allworth,* L.
Sir G. (C.) Now all's cock-sure.—
Methinks I hear already knights and ladies
Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with
Your honourable daughter?—
My ends, my ends are compassed!—Then, for Wellborn
And the lands—were he once married to the widow—
I have him here.—[*Touching his forehead with his finger.*
I can scarce contain myself,
I am so full of joy; nay, joy all over! [*Exit,* R.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Scene I.—*The Hall in Lady Allworth's House.—Table and four Chairs.—Screen,* R.

Lovell *and* Lady Allworth *discovered, seated at Table.*

Lady A. (R.) By this you know how strong the motives were,
That did, my lord, induce me to dispense
A little with my gravity, to advance
The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.
Lov. (L.) What you intended, madam,
For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;
For, as I understand, his debts are paid,
And he once more furnished for fair employment:
But all the arts that I have used, to raise
The fortunes of, your joy and mine, young Allworth,
Stand yet in supposition: though I hope well;
For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant
Than their years can promise. [*Both rise.*

Lady A. (R. C.) Though my wishes
Are with yours, my lord: yet give me leave to fear
The building, though well-grounded. To deceive
Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox
In his proceedings, were a work beyond
The strongest undertakers; not the trial
Of two weak innocents.
Lov. (L. C.) Despair not, madam:
Hard things are compassed oft by easy means.
The cunning statesman, that believes he fathoms
The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,
Is by simplicity oft over-reached.
Lady A. May he be so!—
The young ones have my warmest wishes with them.
Lov. Oh, gentle lady, prove as kind to me!
You've deigned to hear, now grant my honest suit.
And, if you may be won to make me happy,
But join your hand to mine, and that shall be
A solemn contract.
Lady A. I were blind to my own good,
Should I refuse it; yet, my lord, receive me
As such a one, the study of whose whole life
Shall know no other object but to please you.
Lov. If I return not, with all tenderness,
Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!
Lady A. There needs no protestation, my lord,
To her that cannot doubt.

Enter WELLBORN, L.

You're welcome, sir:
Now you look like yourself. [*Crosses to Wellborn.*
Well. (L. C.) And will continue
Such, in my free acknowledgment that I am
Your creature, madam—and will never hold
My life mine own, when you please to command it.
Lov. (R. C.) It is a thankfulness that well becomes you.
Lady A. (C.) For me, I am happy
That my endeavours prospered.—Saw you of late
Sir Giles, your uncle?
Well. I heard of him, madam,
By his minister, Marrall. He's grown into strange passions

About his daughter: this last night, he looked for
Your lordship at his house; but, missing you,
And Margaret not appearing, he is coming
To seek her even here at Lady Allworth's.
His wise head is much perplexed and troubled.
Lov. I hope my project took.
Lady A. I strongly hope it.
Sir G. [*Without.*] Ha! find my daughter, thou huge lump of nothing,
I'll bore thine eyes out, else.
Well. May it please your lordship, [*Crosses to Lovell.*
For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw
A little out of sight, though not of hearing,
You may, perhaps, have sport.
Lov. You shall direct me. [*Exit,* R. S. E.
Sir G. [*Without.*] Idiot! booby! booby!
Mar. [*Without.*] Oh, oh, oh!
Sir G. [*Without.*] I shall sol-fa you, rogue!
Mar. [*Without.*] Sir, for what cause
Do you use me thus?

Enter SIR GILES, *with distracted looks, driving in* MARRALL *before him,* L.

Sir G. (C.) Cause, slave! Why, I am angry,
And thou a subject only fit for beating,
And so to cool my choler. Look to the writing:
Let but the seal be broke upon the box,
That has slept in my cabinet these three years,
I'll rack thy soul for't.
Mar. (R. C.) [*Aside.*] I may yet cry quittance;
Though now I suffer, and dare not resist.
Sir G. Lady, by your leave: did you see my daughter lady?
And the lord her husband? Are they in your house?
If they are, discover, that I may bid 'em joy;
And, as an entrance to her place of honour,
See you, on her left hand, bending down low,
When she nods on you; which you must receive
As a special favour.
Lady A. When I know, Sir Giles,
Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;
But, in the meantime,

I give you to understand, I neither know
Nor care where her honour is.
Sir G. When you once see her
Led and supported by the lord her husband,
You'll be taught better. [*Crosses to Wellborn.*] Nephew—
Well. Well?
Sir G. No more!
Well. 'Tis all I owe you.
Sir G. Have your redeemed rags
Made you thus insolent?
Well. Insolent to you!
Why, what are you, sir, pray, unless in years,
More than myself?
Sir G. [*Aside.*] His fortune swells him:—
'Tis rank,—he's married.— [*Crosses,* L.
Sir, in calm language, though I seldom use it,
[*Crosses to Lady Allworth.*
I am familiar with the cause that makes you
Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buzz
Of a stolen marriage,—do you hear?—of a stolen marriage;
In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been cozened;
I name no parties.
Well. (R.) Well, sir, and what follows?
[*Lady Allworth turns away in astonishment.*
Sir G. (C.) Marry, this; since you are so peremptory; remember,
Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you
Some certain moneys; put me in good security,
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you
Dragged in your lavender robes to the gaol; you know me,
And therefore do not trifle.
Well. Can you be
So cruel to your nephew, now he's in
The way to rise? Was this the courtesy
You did me, in pure love, and no ends else?
Sir G. End me no ends! Engage the whole estate,
And force your spouse to sign it,—you shall have
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger,
And revel in drunken taverns.

Well. And beg after;—
Mean you not so?
Sir G. My thoughts are mine, and free.
Shall I have security?
Well. No, indeed, you shall not:
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgement.—
Your great looks fright not me.
Sir G. But my deeds shall.— [*They draw.*
Outbraved!
Lady A. Help! murder! murder!

Enter AMBLE, WATCHALL, ORDER, *and two Servants, with drawn swords,* R.

Well. Let him come on,
Armed with his cut-throat practices to guard him,
With all his wrongs and injuries about him;
The right that I bring with me will defend me,
And punish his extortion.
Sir G. That I had thee
But single in the field!
Lady A. You may; but make not
My house your quarrelling scene.
Sir G. Were't in a church,
By heaven and hell, I'll do't. [*Lady Allworth turns away.*
Mar. [*To Wellborn.*] Now, put him to
The showing of the deed.
Well. This rage is vain, sir;
For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands full
Upon the least incitement;—and—whereas
You charge me with a debt of moneys to you—
If there be law, howe'er you have no conscience,
Either restore my land, or I'll recover
A debt, that's truly due to me from you,
In value ten times more than what you challenge.
Sir G. I in thy debt! Oh, impudence! did I not purchase
The land left by thy father, that rich land
That had continued in Wellborn's name

Enter two of Sir Giles's Servants with a Box, L.

Twenty descents: which, like a riotous fool,
Thou didst make sale of?—[*To Servants.*] Oh, you're come at last.—

Is not here inclosed
The deed that does confirm it mine?
Mar. Now, now! [*Lady Allworth advances.*
Well. I do acknowledge none: I ne'er passed over
Any such land; I grant, for a year or two,
You had it in trust; which, if you do discharge,
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law;
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,
Must of necessity follow.
Lady A. In my judgment,
He does advise you well.
Sir G. Good! good! Conspire
With your new husband, lady; second him
In his dishonest practices; but when
This manor is extended to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.
Lady A. Never: do not hope it.
Well. Let despair first seize me.
Sir G. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee give
Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of
Thy ears to the pillory—
[*Two Servants place the box on the table,* L.—*Sir Giles unlocks it, and takes out the Deed.*
See!—here's that will make
My interest clear.—Ha!
Lady A. (L. C.) [*Looking over his shoulder.*] A fair skin of parchment! [*Retreats,* R. C.
Well. (C.) Indented, I confess, and labels, too:
But neither wax, nor words.—How! thunderstruck?
Is this your precious evidence? this, that makes
Your interest clear?
Sir G. (L.) I am overwhelmed with wonder!
What prodigy is this? what subtle devil
Hath razed out the inscription? the wax
Turned into dust?—
Do you deal with witches, rascal?
There is a statute for you, which will bring
Your neck in a hempen circle, yes, there is;—
And, now 'tis better thought for, cheater, know,

This juggling shall not save you.
Well. To save thee,
Would beggar the stock of mercy.
[*Retires with Lady Allworth up the Stage.*
Sir G. Marrall—Marrall!—
Mar. Sir?
Sir G. Though the witnesses are dead, your testimony,
Helped with an oath or two;—and, for thy master,
Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,
I know thou wilt swear anything, to dash
This cunning sleight;—
The deed being drawn, too,
By thee, my careful Marrall, and delivered
When thou wast present,—will make good my title:—
Wilt thou not swear this?
Mar. I!—No, I assure you: [*Breaks from him.*
I have a conscience, not seared up like yours;
I know no deeds.
Sir G. Wilt thou betray me? [*Drawing his sword.*
Mar. Keep him [*Wellborn opposes him.*
From using of his hands, I'll use my tongue
To his no little torment.
Sir G. Mine own varlet
Rebel against me!
Mar. Yes, and uncase you too:
The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,
Your drudge, can now anatomize you, and lay open
All your black plots, and level with the earth
Your hill of pride; and shake,
Nay pulverize, the walls, you think defend you.
Sir G. Oh, that I had thee in my gripe, I'd tear thee
Joint after joint!
Mar. I know you are a tearer;
But I'll have first your fangs pared off, and then
Come nearer to you;—[*Sir Giles retreats in despair.*]
when I have discovered,
And made it good before the judge, what ways
And devilish practices, you used to cozen with.
Well. All will come out.
Sir G. [*Advancing.*] But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee,
And make thee wish, and kneel, in vain, to die,

These swords, that keep thee from me, should fix here,
Although they made my body but one wound,
But I would reach thee. I play the fool,
And make my anger but ridiculous:
There will be a time and place, there will be, cowards,
When you shall feel what I dare do.

Well. I think so:
You dare do any ill; yet want true valour,
To be honest, and repent.

Sir G. They're words, I know not,
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,
Shall find no harbour here.

Enter two of Sir Giles's Servants, L., *and go up a little.*

Lady A. Whom have we here?

Sir G. After these storms,
At length a calm appears.—My chaplain comes.—

Enter PARSON WILLDO, L., *with a letter in his hand.*

Welcome, most welcome!
There's comfort in thy looks!—Is the deed done?
Is my daughter married? Say but so, my chaplain,
And I am tame.

Will. (L.) Married? Yes, I assure you.

Sir G. (L. C.) Then vanish all sad thoughts!
My doubts and fears are in the titles drowned
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.
Now, you that plot against me,
And hoped to trip my heels up, that contemned me,
Think on't and tremble. [*Music.*

Enter LOVELL *behind,* R. U. E.

They come!—I hear the music.—
A lane there for my lord!

Well. (L. C.) This sudden heat
May yet be cooled, sir.

Sir G. (C.) Make way there for my lady and my lord!
[*Music.*

Enter two of Sir Giles's Servants, MARGARET, *and* ALLWORTH, L.

Marg. (C.) [*Kneels.*] Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with

Your full allowance of the choice I've made.—
Not to dwell
Too long on words—this is my husband.
Sir G. (R. C.) How!
All. (L. C.) So, I assure you: all the rites of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past;
And for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.
Sir G. [*Advancing hastily upon Willdo,* L.]
Devil!—Are they married?
Well. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them joy!
Sir G. Confusion and ruin! Speak, and speak quickly!
Or thou art dead. [*Seizes him.*
Will. They're married.
Sir G. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these.—My brain turns!
Will. Why this rage to me?—
Is not this your letter, sir? and these the words—
"Marry her to this gentleman"?
Sir G. It cannot: [*Crosses,* R.
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not,—
That I, who never left a print
Where I have trod, for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gulled by children,
Baffled and fooled, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated and made void. [*Crosses,* R.
Well. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle. [*Willdo retires,* L.
Sir G. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable; but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee. [*Advances to kill Margaret—Allworth and Margaret cross behind to* R.
Lov. (C.) [*Stopping him.*] Hold, for your own sake!
If charity to your daughter have quite left you.
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best, you're but a man;
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be crossed.

Sir G. (L. C.) Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee—
As thou art a soldier—if thy valour
Dares show itself, where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.
Lov. I am ready.
Lady A. (R. C.) Stay, sir:
Contest with one distracted?
Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.
Sir G. Are you pale?
Borrow their helps; though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand 'gainst all, as I am, hemmed in thus.—
Say, there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge 'em?
No; I'll through the battalia, and, that routed,
I'll fall to execution.—
[*Crosses*, C.—*Attempts to draw his sword.*
Ha! I'm feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of't; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard with wronged orphan's tears,
Will not be drawn.—
Ha! what are these? [*Staggers back*, L.] Sure, hangmen
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment seat.—Now, they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield?—No; spite of Fate,
I will be forced to hell, like to myself.
Though you were legions of accurséd spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.—
[*Rushes madly towards his daughter and falls exhausted*, R. C.—*two servants raise him up—he somewhat recovers, looks wildly round, then fixing his eyes with horrible reproach upon his daughter, drops his head upon his bosom, and is borne off by the two servants*, L.
Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An't please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
Well. What arts didst use to raze out the conveyance

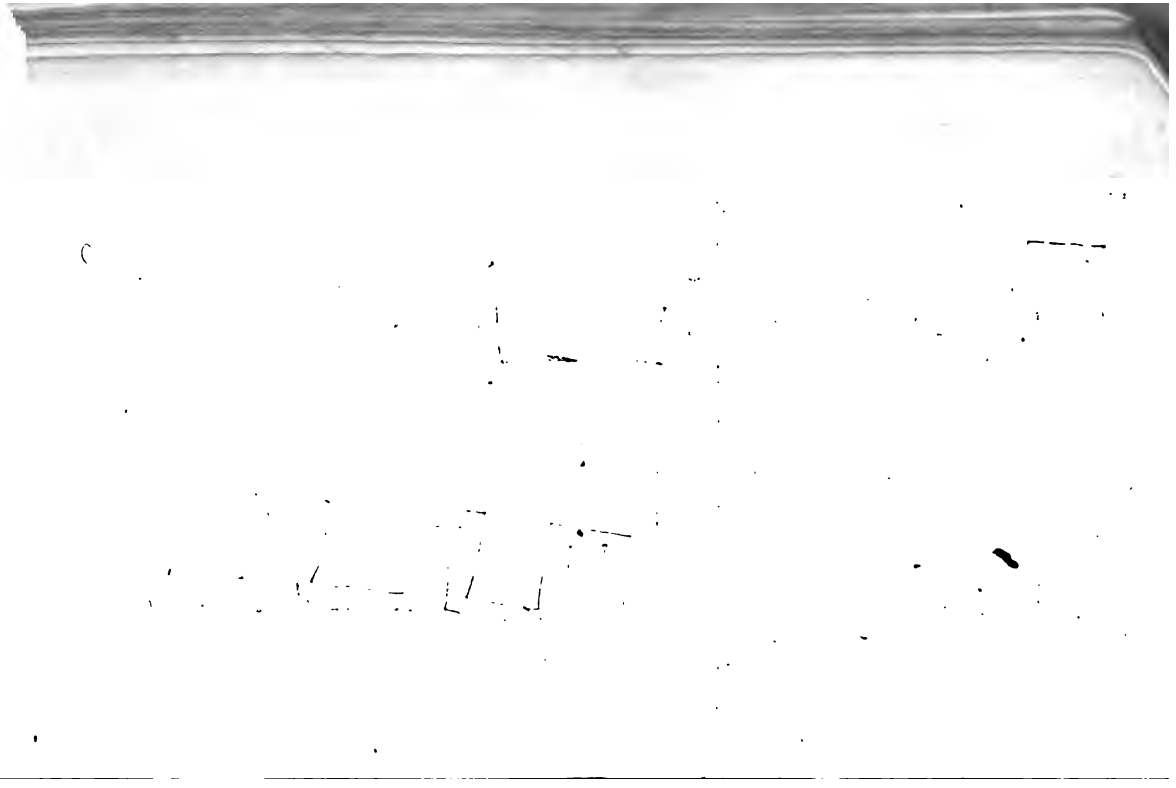
Mar. Certain minerals,
Incorporated in the ink and wax.
Besides, he gave me nothing; but still fed me
With hopes and blows.
If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you, or to hang, or drown yourself:
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.
Well. You are a rascal; and he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will very hardly
Be true to any other. Begone,
And look not for
Reward or favour from me, till thou'st learned
To mend thy wicked life.
[*Exit Marrall*, R.—*Allworth and Margaret advance.*
Marg. Oh, my poor father!
All. Nay, weep not, dearest: though it show your piety
What is decreed by heaven, we cannot alter.
Lov. And heaven here gives a precedent to teach us
That, when men leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them.—Pray you, take comfort;— [*To Margaret.*
I will endeavour you shall be his guardians
In his distractions;—and for your land, Wellborn,
I'll be an umpire
Between you and this, the undoubted heir
Of Sir Giles Overreach: for me, here's the anchor
That I must fix on. [*To Lady Allworth.*
All. What you shall determine,
My lord, we will allow of.
Well. 'Tis the language
That I speak too; but there is something else,
Beside the re-possession of my land,
And payment of my debts, that I must practise:
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost
In my loose course; and until I redeem it
Some noble way, I am but half made up.
It is a time of action: if your lordship
Will please to confer a company upon me
In your command, I doubt not, in my service
To my king and country, but I shall do something
That may make me right again.

Lov. Your suit is granted,
And you loved for the motion.
Well. Nothing, then, [*To the audience.*
Now wants but your allowance; and in that
Our all is comprehended: which, if you
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due
To the poet's and our labours, as you may,—
For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play:
You may expect, the grace you show to-night,
Will teach us how to act, our poets how to write.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

MARGARET. ALLWORTH. WELLBORN. LADY ALLWORTH. LOVELL.
[L

THE END



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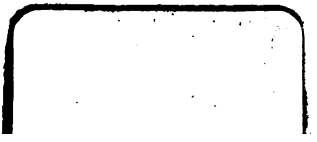

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